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GEORGE WASHINGTON'S IDEALS

Revealed in an Unpublished Letter — An Interpretation from a Personal Viewpoint

By W. LANIER WASHINGTON

[HEREDITARY REPRESENTATIVE OF GENERAL WASHINGTON IN THE SOCIETY OF THE CINCINNATI, AND A DIRECT DESCENDANT OF TWO OF GEORGE WASHINGTON'S BROTHERS]

WHILE not pretending to have inherited the qualities of character, or the intellect, judgment and vision, that have made the name and fame of George Washington immortal, it is possible that a descendant of his family may have developed lines of thought that have been influenced by association and family tradition, and which may have contributed somewhat to a more or less intimate understanding and appreciation of the processes of deduction which impelled the Father of his Country in arriving at the wise conclusions and decisions that ever characterized his exceptionally clear reasoning.

It is hoped, therefore, the writer may be deemed not presumptuous in the expression of opinions, based on his own conclusions arrived at after a painstaking and life-long study of the character and writings of Washington, as to his belief of what would have been the attitude of George Washington had he been confronted with the complex problems that have arisen in Europe, and in the United States in particular,

since, through her efforts to impose her so-called Kultur upon the free and democratic nations, Germany plunged the world into the most stupendous war in history.

It is a fact well known to those who have studied the life of Washington that he was at heart first of all an Englishman—loyal to the mother country, imbued with its traditions and believing in its institutions, but broadened in experience and in democratic ideals by his pioneer life in England's great American colony. It is also now understood that Washington came of pure English stock, and that his ancestry as far as it has been traced—for several centuries—discloses no strain other than English. Indeed, it has been authoritatively established that George Washington is in the sixteenth generation in direct descent from Edward I, Plantagenet, surnamed " Longshanks," King of England, in the thirteenth century to whom he bore a marked resemblance in physique and in mental and moral characteristics.

With the tradition of this ancestry it is not surprising that England counted Washington one of her most loyal sons, and that he served her with loyalty in her colonial military forces for many years preceding the events that brought about the Revolution.

Those who have been inclined to regard Washington as the leader of the revolution against the mother country should know that it was with expressed sorrow, and only after thoughtful consideration, that he felt compelled to take up arms against a tyranny inspired by a British monarch of German blood and instincts, and a ministry chosen for its pliability to carry out his autocratic purposes. George III was not an Englishman in blood, ideals or instincts, and this fact is more fully recognized and appreciated today than ever before. It is better understood also that his ideas of Colonial Government did not represent those of the mass of the English people and that he was compelled to employ German mercenaries to fight the English colonists who were in revolution against his policies, which were closely identical with those of the recently deposed German emperor.

FEAR OF EUROPEAN ENTANGLEMENTS

AFTER the American Colonies had secured their independence, Washington, while advising against foreign entanglements, nevertheless strove to bring about an understanding between the United States and England that would insure friendly and close relations. That he was not ungrateful to France for the timely and important assistance that was given, when it was probably a determining factor in the fight for independence, is so well understood as to need but passing comment. It is true also that he sought to establish friendly relations with Germany and all the countries of the civilized world in his endeavor to maintain a government free from entangling alliances, that the new nation in whose foundation he had played so important a part might work out its destiny in harmony with the rest of the world.

Washington was not, however, at any time unaware of the grave possibility that the United States might be drawn into the great conflict that raged on the European continent during his administration. The entrance of the United States as an ally of Great Britain was at times more than a possibility, and was avoided only by the exercise of Washington's supreme restraint and clear head.

In the opinion of the writer, who bases his judgment upon a critical study of the situation, there can be not the slightest doubt but that Washington would have advocated the fullest co-operation of the power of the United States, had a situation developed in Napoleon's ambitious program through which English institutions and the freedom of the world had been imminently threatened.

WASHINGTON AND THE WORLD-WAR

THESE conditions seem almost analogous to those which arose in 1916, and can there be any doubt that Washington would have advised otherwise than that the United States should throw its full weight, with all its resources, into the fight on the side of the free nations in their heroic

struggle to maintain their independence against an overwhelming horde which sought to enforce upon them an odious autocracy?

Washington's messages to Congress during his administration and his Farewell Address, are pregnant with admonition and warning. Indeed he urged upon the deaf ears of Congress the necessity for adequate preparedness; and forcibly pointed out the imminent danger of the United States being drawn into the European maelstrom.

HIS LETTER ON PREPAREDNESS

AMONG the inherited family papers in the possession of the writer is the copy of a letter written by George Washington, addressed to Governor Rutledge of South Carolina, in which he expressed his views as to grave necessity for military preparation. It is deemed appropriate to embody it in this paper, and it is printed in full herewith as it also discloses the easy and dignified style that always characterized Washington's writings.

Mount Vernon, Sept. 9th, 1799.

My Dear Sir:

Brigadier General Washington* called upon me on Saturday evening and went off again on Sunday morning. His anxiety to get to Carolina as soon as possible (having been detained to the Eastward longer than he expected) prevented him passing more time with me. He gave me the model of the cannon† which you was (*sic*) so good to present to me, and by him I wrote a hasty line to you acknowledging the receipt of it, &c.

This morning I had the pleasure to receive, under a blank cover from the War Office, your obliging favor of the 3 of August, and a letter addressed to Brigadier Washington, which I shall forward so as to get to his hands before he leaves this State.

Permit me, my dear Sir, to repeat my thanks for the model of the Cannon, and to assure you of my grateful acknowledgment for the kind and friendly sentiments contained in your letter. No man can wish more sincerely than I do, that we may not be drawn into the conflict in which the European Powers are now involved; but at the same time, no

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* Brigadier-General William Washington who led the American forces at the battle of Cowpens.

† The model of the cannon referred to was inherited by the writer of this paper.

one is more anxious that we should make every possible preparation to meet such an event, if it should be unavoidable. In order to do this, we should embrace the present moment to make our establishments as respectable as circumstances will permit, and neglect no opportunity of introducing into them every improvement in the military art that can be useful, let it come from what quarter so ever it may.

I am sorry to inform you that Mrs. Washington has been confined by a fever for some days past; she seems at present to be a little better; but is still very low. She is thankful for Mrs. Rutledge's kind regards, and most sincerely reciprocates them, in which she is joined by

my dear Sir,
Your Affect. friend & Obed't Ser.
(The copy bears no signature)

His Excellency
Govr. Rutledge.

This letter, written but seventy-one days before Washington died, is penned in the hand of his secretary, Tobias Lear, on the specially made paper that Washington used in his personal correspondence, showing, in the water-mark, the Washington crest surrounded with his name thus, "George Washington." It is endorsed in Washington's own hand "To His Excelly. Govr. Rutledge. 9 Sept., 1799."

EPISTOLARY METHODS

IT may be of interest to those who are not familiar with the habits of Washington with regard to his correspondence to know that, while a great number of his letters were written in his own hand, he invariably made and retained copies of all of them. Those which were copied by his secretaries, Washington carefully read and compared, folded, endorsed in his own handwriting, with the date and the name of the person to whom they were addressed, and filed them in his library.

In the Library of Congress is a large number of Washington's letters and manuscript, known to be the most extensive collection of the writings of any man in the world. It comprises many thousand pages—all written in a clear, legible hand, and evidencing the scrupulous methodical care with which, throughout his life, he performed all things—even to matters of the slightest importance.

The letter to Governor Rutledge, printed above, does not appear in the fourteen large volumes, of about 500 pages each, of Washington's writings edited by Worthington Chauncey Ford; and was not known to Mr. Ford to whom it recently was submitted by the writer of this paper. It came to light, however, only as late as 1916 when a great-grandson of Gov. Rutledge, who is in possession of the original, permitted its publication in the magazine of the South Carolina Historical Society.

HIS FRIENDSHIP FOR FRANCE

THAT Washington's friendship for France and his deep gratitude to the French people for their inestimable assistance given so generously at the time of direst need during the American revolution has many evidences on record in his writings. His admiration for the young Lafayette, whom he regarded with paternal affection, is expressed in beautiful terms in his correspondence with that noble Frenchman who named his only son George Washington Lafayette.

During the French Revolution it became necessary for General Lafayette to exile himself from France. He was held in Austria, however, and was imprisoned for several years at Olmutz, in that country. Lafayette's son sought refuge in America during his father's exile. He assumed for the time being one of his father's given names, Motier.

With his tutor, M. Frestel, he arrived at Boston late in the summer of 1795 and proceeded to New York, where he remained in seclusion for nearly two years. It is said that he was secretly entertained in the home of Alexander Hamilton for a part of this time.

Washington was deeply concerned about the presence in this country of the son of his dear friend and companion in arms. Had he received into his home, as was his desire, the son of a political enemy of the then ruling powers of France, with whom our relations, at the time, were more or less strained, a situation embarrassing to the Administration might have arisen.

However, immediately upon Washington's return to private life, when he retired from the Presidency in March, 1797, the young Lafayette was invited to make his home at Mount Vernon, where he was received as a distinguished guest. He remained at Mount Vernon until he returned to France, in October of the same year, and during his stay he received the same consideration that Washington accorded the members of his own immediate family.

The elder Lafayette before his return to France gave to Washington the pair of pistols which he had carried during the War of the Revolution. They were prized highly by Washington, who bequeathed to Lafayette a pair of his own pistols, as will be noted in the following extract from his will: "To General de la Fayette I give a pair of finely wrought steel pistols taken from the enemy in the Revolutionary War."

HIS WILL

GEORGE WASHINGTON'S will was written throughout in his own hand. It covers no less than twenty-nine folio pages, every one of which is numbered and bears his signature at the bottom of the sheet. It is a remarkable commentary and exposition of the benign humanity which pervaded his every act through life, and discloses in almost every line the noble character of the testator. Had Washington left to posterity no other document, his will would have revealed to the world the greatness of his character. It is a model of exactness and clarity of expression of the purposes of his will, and indeed it possesses literary merit of high order.

The first provision devised to his wife "My whole Estate, real and personal, for the term of her natural life, except such parts thereof as are specifically disposed of hereafter." Further in the will he made specific bequests of lands, money, stocks, annuities, etc., to his brothers, nephews, relatives and friends, and there were numerous provisions for the "acquital" and "exhonoration" of the obligations of those who were indebted to him.

That the question of negro slavery had received thought-

ful consideration by Washington, who regarded the problem as an evil that could be solved only through humane evolution, is disclosed in the second clause of his will in which he provides for their manumission.

> " Upon the decease of my wife, it is my desire that all the slaves which I hold in my own right shall receive their freedom. To emancipate them during her life would, tho (*sic*) earnestly wished by me, be attended with such insuperable difficulties, on account of their intermixture by marriages with the Dower negroes, as to excite the most painful sensations—if not disagreeable consequences from the latter, while both descriptions are in the occupancy of the same proprietor."

This item of the will is too long to quote in full, but Washington takes into consideration the hardships that might result to those of his slaves who were in infancy, aged or infirm, or unable to support themselves, so he directs that his heirs shall provide that " they shall be comfortably clothed and fed . . . while they live." He also directed that these young slaves be " taught to read and write and to be brought up to some useful occupation." Washington further stipulates:

> " And I do hereby expressly forbid the sale or transportation out of the said commonwealth (Virginia) of any Slave (*sic*) I may die possessed of under any pretense whatsoever. And I do moreover most positively, and most solemnly enjoin it upon my executors . . . to see that this clause respecting slaves and every part thereof be religiously fulfilled at the epoch at which it is directed to take place without evasion, neglect or delay after the crops which may then be on the ground are harvested, particularly as it respects the aged and infirm."

He also directed that " a regular and permanent fund be established for their support so long as there are subjects requiring it, not trusting to the uncertain provisions to be made by individuals."

Martha, the widow of George Washington, manumitted all of her slaves in 1801, about a year after the death of her husband. The deed of manumission is recorded in the records of Fairfax County, Va., in Liber CC, folio 323.

Another provision of the will concerns the disposition

of Washington's faithful slave and personal servant, William Lee, who attended him throughout the War of the Revolution and until he was incapacitated, after which he was cared for at Mount Vernon until the death of his master.

> "And to my mulatto man William (calling himself William Lee) I give immediate freedom, or if he should prefer it (on account of accidents which have befallen him and which have rendered him incapable of walking or of any active employment) to remain in the situation he is now, it shall be optional in him to do so. In either case, however, I allow an annuity of thirty dollars during his natural life, which shall be independent of the victuals and cloaths (*sic*) he has been accustomed to receive: if he chuses (*sic*) the last alternative, but in full with his freedom, if he prefers the first, and this I give him as a testimony of my sense of his attachment to me and for his faithful services during the revolutionary war."

The above provision is quoted in full in view of the light it sheds on the deep human side of Washington's character.

HIS SWORDS AND SOLEMN INJUNCTION

ANOTHER item of the will which illumines the spirit which impelled this great man is that in which he devises "the swords of which I may die possessed" to five of his nephews.

> "These swords are accompanied with the injunction not to unsheath them for the purpose of shedding blood except it be for self-defence—or in the defence of their Country and its rights, and in the latter case to keep them unsheathed, and prefer falling with them in their hands to the relinquishment thereof."

This last quoted paragraph of the will seems to indicate rather clearly the position Washington would have taken had he been the President of the United States at the time the *Lusitania* was sunk by the German U-boats, with the resultant murder of scores of American men and women. Had he been confronted with the swiftly following events, which threatened the honor and rights of the nation; jeopardizing the lives of its citizens, and the existence and liberty of the free nations of the world, to which we are allied by ties of blood, friendship, obligation and heredity, is it pos-

sible to doubt that Washington would have hesitated to abandon his policy of no foreign entanglements or alliances, or that he would have hesitated again " to unsheath his sword in the defence of his country and its rights, and prefer falling with it to the relinquishment thereof "?

It may be of interest to note in passing that of these five swords the first choice fell to Washington's eldest nephew, Col. William Augustine Washington, the great-great-grandfather of the writer, who selected the sword said to have been sent to Washington by Frederick the Great of Prussia with the message " From the oldest General in the world to the Greatest." The third choice was allotted to another nephew (a younger brother of the wife of William Augustine Washington), Bushrod Washington, who was appointed by President John Adams a Justice of the Supreme Court of the United States when he was but thirty-six years old.

THE FREDERICK THE GREAT SWORD

BUSHROD WASHINGTON, who also inherited Washington's home at Mount Vernon, under the terms of the will, died childless, and bequeathed the sword he had received from Washington to his nephew, George Corbin Washington, the son of the before mentioned William Augustine Washington, who thus acquired by inheritance two of Washington's swords, having also received from his father the Frederick the Great sword. George Corbin left them to his only son, Col. Lewis William Washington, of Virginia, the grandfather of the writer.

From his hands, the so-called Frederick the Great sword, which was the most ornate of all of Washington's swords, passed into the possession of the State of New York. It is preserved in the State Library at Albany, and was considerably damaged by the fire which destroyed the Capitol building in March, 1911. The Bushrod Washington sword mysteriously disappeared, several years ago, after it had come into possession of a younger son of Lewis William Washington, who died intestate, and it is not known what disposition he made of it. The writer has made a careful and ex-

haustive study of the history of Washington's swords, their origin, descent and ownership, and has failed after long and painstaking effort to gain the slightest clue as to the whereabouts of this sword which seems to have been lost to the world.

LAFAYETTE'S GIFT

THE pair of pistols, mentioned earlier in this paper, which Lafayette gave Washington, were inherited by his nephew Justice Bushrod Washington, who devised them to his nephew George Corbin Washington. While they were in the latter's possession, one of the pistols met the same fate as the sword that mysteriously disappeared. In George Corbin Washington's will appears the following bequest:

> "I also give to my son, Lewis W. Washington, the sword of Gen'l Washington devised to me by my father, and also the sword and pistol (one of them being lost) of the said Gen'l George Washington, devised to me by my uncle Judge Bushrod Washington."

George Corbin Washington, who was a member of Congress, and Indian Commissioner of the United States, was prominently mentioned as a candidate for the Vice-Presidency of the United States, but it is understood he had no aspiration to that office. It is believed that he was induced to lend some of the relics of his illustrious great uncle for exhibition for a charitable cause, and one of the Lafayette pistols was stolen from the case in which it was shown. The will was drawn in 1854, the year of his death. The lost pistol has not since come to light, and there is scant likelihood at this late day that it ever again will be identified.

The so-called Frederick the Great sword, together with this pistol, which was a large horseman's side firearm, was again destined to further adventure in the cause of freedom. When John Brown made his historic raid at Harper's Ferry in 1859, he sent, at night, John E. Cook, one of his lieutenants, with a posse of his men to "Beall-Air," the home of Col. Lewis William Washington, about five miles distant, who took Col. Washington to Harper's Ferry, where he was held

as a hostage in the fire-engine house at the United States arsenal, in which Brown had fortified himself. At the same time the sword and pistol were taken from Col. Washington's home, and the sword was worn by John Brown during the siege of the engine-house and until his capture. The pistol was in some manner spirited away by one of Brown's men and presented to the Hon. Thaddeus Hyatt, who returned it to Col. Washington. The sword was also recovered after Brown had been captured.

IF WASHINGTON LIVED NOW

IN Washington's early military career, as has been mentioned, he was an officer of the American colonial forces of England. He accompanied the British expeditionary army, led by the ill-fated Braddock, against the French and Indians in Western Pennsylvania. By a curious turn of the wheel of fate, not many years later the French were his allies against the British in the War of the Revolution. Is not it a remarkable anomaly that the one hundred and eighty-seventh anniversary of the birthday of George Washington finds the world emerging from the greatest war that has ever before beset it and undergoing the greatest national, moral and spiritual changes in all history!

Had Washington lived to see the cordial understanding, friendship and unanimity of purpose and endeavor for the preservation of democracy and civilization that now exists between those three ancient enemies, France, Great Britain and the United States, his most utopian dreams would have been more than realized.

THE WASHINGTON ANCESTRAL HOME

PRESIDENT WILSON, during his recent visit to England, in declining an invitation of the Mayor of Northampton to visit that town, took occasion to refer to the ancestral home of George Washington in the following language:

"I would, if I could, come to Northampton, not only with pleasure, but with the feeling that I was making a pious pilgrimage to that particular part of England most directly associated with the great manor of Washington; but I would not be entitled to do homage there if I did not act as I suppose General Washington would act and do nothing which took one away from the special duties which brought me across the water."

In July, 1914, the writer had the privilege of visiting, as the representative of his family, the ancient home of the Washingtons, at Sulgrave, a small village in Northamptonshire, England. It was the occasion of the formal presentation of the Sulgrave Manor House by the people of England, acquired through a fund raised by popular subscription, to the people of the United States, as a memorial of the Centenary of Peace that had existed between the English-speaking peoples of the world, and between Great Britain and the United States in particular. The ceremonies were simple, dignified and impressive, being attended by several men important in the affairs of the British government, and by the late Dr. Walter Hines Page, the American Ambassador. When the Duke of Teck, the honorary chairman of the British Committee, handed Dr. Page the key to the Sulgrave Manor House, the writer pictured in his mind the emigration to America of the two Washington brothers, John and Lawrence. The thought also arose that in the vision of these two pioneers of Virginia there could have been not the slightest dream that the great-grandson of John Washington was destined to take so large a part in the foundation of the great American Republic. It was the spirit of these two brave English pioneer brothers, who emigrated into the New World where they sought to establish their families and fortunes in the wilderness of Virginia, that produced the qualities of courage and love of freedom that were so intensely developed in George Washington. Is it difficult to believe that the spirit of freedom and jealous regard for the rights of man which pervaded Washington's ideals was reawakened into forceful action when the great nation of which he has been called the father responded so nobly to the cry of the endangered democracy of the world?

LAFAYETTE IN AMERICA

The Penalty He Paid for His Democratic Ideas—His Personality

By COUNT DE LA FAYETTE

[HONORARY MEMBER OF THE SOCIETY OF THE CINCINNATI—THE GREAT-GREAT-GRANDSON OF GENERAL LAFAYETTE]

THE FORUM has very kindly asked me to write upon General de la Fayette. It is a great honor and at the same time a great obligation. Much, indeed, has been said and written about the difficult task of adding lustre to the well known name one bears. A pen more competent than mine should undertake this. Moreover, the English language is not mine, so I hope that the reader will forgive my shortcomings.

I have written above, General de la Fayette, and not General Lafayette. Indeed, the hero of the War of Independence was known as General Marquis de la Fayette. It is true that later on, at the time of the French Revolution, during the famous night of the "Fourth of August," the General, with most of the noblemen of the National Assembly, in a burst of enthusiasm, gave up his "particule" (the "de"), title and privileges, and for the remainder of his life was known as General Lafayette, that when he visited this country in 1824 and 1825 he was so known and called; but the fact remains, that as a major-general in the American army he was General de la Fayette, and, if I may give a personal opinion, it seems strange that today to many Americans that spelling is unfamiliar. Even the pronunciation of the name has been changed and the French one is almost unknown. If I am not mistaken, a few years ago at a public banquet General Horace Porter made some remarks about that fact, and suggested that the real pronunciation should be taught in the schools.

General de la Fayette after the French Revolution never again made use of his title. His only son and his grandsons

resumed the original spelling of the name, and if the descendants of that only son, who have been authorized to revive the name of de la Fayette, have later on assumed a title, it is only, as I wrote years ago, because the long association of certain titles with family patrimonies is often, as in the present case, one of such a universal acceptance as to seem a traditional part of the name itself.

WHAT INFLUENCED LAFAYETTE TO COME TO AMERICA

THE influence of the philosophers and of the encyclopedists of the eighteenth century, of Voltaire and J. J. Rousseau, certainly was at the bottom of the decision the young de la Fayette made to come to these shores and cast his lot with the "rebels." We must not forget, however, that through his distinguished ancestors he had inherited the spirit of adventure and chivalry, and that such a cause did certainly appeal a great deal to his imagination. An impulse of the moment, a "*coup de tête,*" as it has been said, is not a sufficient explanation. The youth of France at that time was aroused by the spirit of the times, and to go and fight against the soldiers of a king, principally the soldiers of the King of England, was certainly an incentive to a young man, independent and possessed of a large fortune. De la Fayette as a boy of nineteen did not care for society, was a poor dancer and, contrary to habits widely spread at that time, was a poor drinker. His brother-in-law, Comte de Noailles, used to jest him a great deal on that subject. It is said that one night during a dinner de la Fayette took a little more champagne than usual and his men were obliged to help him to his carriage. But he was so well satisfied with his accomplishment, that he repeated all the time: "Above all, don't forget to say to de Noailles how much I drank."

It was during a banquet given at Metz by Comte de Bouille, Governor of the fortress, to the Duke of Gloucester, brother of the King of England, that de la Fayette heard for the first time of the American "rebellion" and said: "As

soon as I heard of American independence, my heart was enlisted, and I thought only of joining my colors."

These ideas of liberty and justice which were to guide him all through his life, received then their first recognition. They were also the ideas of many of the young officers, one and all noblemen, who came here with Rochambeau, and who had the "*esprit frondeur*" then pervading French Society. For these young and noble men these ideas, so long as they were to be applied to another people, were all right, but so soon as they were to endanger the fortunes and privileges of the French Aristocracy, then they were all wrong. General de la Fayette remained faithful to them, his life with the American people developed them, and when, after the War of Independence, he returned to France, he was thoroughly imbued with them.

HATED BY THE NOBILITY

WHEN the French Revolution broke out, General de la Fayette endeavored to apply them to the land of his birth, but could not do so without assailing the rights and privileges of the Aristocracy, which, in consequence, rose against him, causing him to become forever the most hated man of the nobility of France.

Historians, writers, former friends and relatives began to abuse him, not being able to pardon an aristocrat such ideals as he had, and that hatred among certain people is still continued to the present time against the members of his family who remain faithful to his generous sentiments.

There is, indeed, a side of General de la Fayette's life which few Americans realize, the French side, if I may call it so. In the life of all well known men there are such things; that such jealousies and hatred should be continued is a pity, but such is human nature, and it is not for me to say more on that subject.

The part of General de la Fayette in the American Revolution is well known. I shall not dwell upon it. His simplicity of manner, his devotion to the American cause

won him forever the heart of the Americans and the friendship of Washington.

I shall not speak of the sufferings of Valley Forge; nor narrate again the history of the review where General Washington, making some comparison between the splendor of Versailles and the ragged appearance of the American troops, brought forth this remark from General de la Fayette: "I am not here to teach, but to learn."

May I, instead, narrate one or two episodes of that period, which I think are not widely known? Episodes or anecdotes are the salt of History.

LAFAYETTE'S TILT WITH "MAD" ANTHONY WAYNE

DURING the Virginia campaign General de la Fayette was once in need of reinforcements and consequently sent his aide, Major Anderson, to General Wayne, the "Mad" Anthony, to ask him to join his command at a certain place and date. Major Anderson, on arriving at the headquarters of General Wayne, explained to him the purpose of his mission. Mad Anthony immediately went, as usual, into a great rage and, pacing to and fro in the room, started to curse "that d— Frenchman, that frog-eater," etc. Major Anderson very quietly allowed the storm to pass and then sat down, took out his pencil and started to write. Seeing this, General Wayne asked him what he was doing, to which Major Anderson replied that he was taking some notes to make a faithful report to General de la Fayette. That answer brought forth another outburst, but by and by General Wayne listened to the explanation of Major Anderson and finally exclaimed: "Tell him I'll jine him. By G— I'll jine him!" And indeed, the next day he joined General de la Fayette's command.

When Yorktown's surrender and peace came, General de la Fayette went back to France, but remained faithful to his ideals, as his correspondence with General Washington shows. One of the subjects discussed in that correspondence was the question of slavery and freedom of slaves. To put

his ideas in practice, General de la Fayette bought in French Guiana an estate with slaves and worked out a plan to eventually set them free. Unfortunately, the French Revolution and its consequences in the life of the General stopped that humanitarian experiment.

LAFAYETTE'S FLIGHT AND LONG IMPRISONMENT

DARK days were coming. General de la Fayette, in command of one of three French armies which were fighting the European coalition against France, had to give up his command and cross the frontier to escape the guillotine. He left his second in command and reached the Belgian border, accompanied by a few officers of his staff, one of them Major de Pusy. General de la Fayette little knew at that time how intimately the name of de Pusy was to be connected with that of his in after years. Today a de Pusy, a direct descendant of the General, is one of the brilliant cavalry officers of the French army. Soon he was arrested by a patrol of Prussians and taken to the nearest commanding officer, who, among his first questions, asked where he had put his army chest. That Prussian General could hardly be convinced that General de la Fayette had left his command without taking with him all his worldly goods.

The armies of the coalition against France were under the direction of Mons. the Duke of Bourbon, who upon hearing of the arrest of General de la Fayette, could not conceal his unbounded delight, and refused the plea of the General to be allowed to proceed to Holland, thence to America. For, to Kings and Emperors, aristocrats and courtiers, the name of de la Fayette was indeed the symbol of revolutionary ideas and thoroughly abhorred.

The General was sent to the Fortress of Namur, then from prison to prison, thence to Wezel, where he fell dangerously ill and where the smallest attentions were refused him. He was offered some alleviations if he were willing to give information relative to the situation in France. His only reply was: "The King of Prussia is, indeed, impertinent."

PRUSSIA GIVES LAFAYETTE UP TO AUSTRIA

A COMMITTEE of the Coalition decided that "the liberty of General de la Fayette was incompatible with the safety of the Governments of Europe." He was then transferred to Magdeburg and given up by Prussia to Austria, who sent him to the Fortress of Olmütz, where he arrived July, 1794. To add to his misery, General de la Fayette was gravely concerned as to the welfare of his wife, and the rumors he had heard of the events in Paris and later on of his wife's imprisonment added to his anxiety.

General Washington and the friends of the General in France, even in England, had joined in their efforts to secure his freedom, but they were not successful at that time. In 1794 a Dr. Bollmann from Hamburg was sent to Austria to see what could be done. By a most extraordinary coincidence Dr. Bollmann met in a Vienna café Francis K. Huger. It was on the estate of the father of Francis K. Huger, Major Benjamin Huger, near Charleston, S. C., that General de la Fayette had landed on arriving in America in 1779. Huger and Bollmann heard of the drives which General de la Fayette was permitted to take from time to time outside the fortress and arranged to rescue him on one of these occasions. Horses were secured and all details settled, but through unfortunate circumstances the whole plan miscarried and General de la Fayette thereafter found his prison life even more severe.

The following year witnesses the reunion of General de la Fayette and his wife. Through the exertions of Monroe, who had succeeded Gouverneur Morris as American Minister to Paris, Madame de la Fayette had been released from her prison. She started immediately for Vienna, where the Emperor of Austria granted her an audience, but refused her the liberty of her husband, saying, "My hands are tied." By whom he did not say. On the 1st of October, 1795, the General heard the bars of his prison opened and saw his wife and his two daughters walk into his cell. The meeting can easily be imagined. Madame de la Fayette and her two daughters

found the General at the bottom of a dungeon, with barely any light or air. The food given to him was vile, and even forks and knives were refused him. The General was in rags, wearing still the garments he had on him when he had been arrested, and one of the first acts of one of his daughters was to make for him a pair of slippers out of some old trousers. When night came the two daughters were taken to a separate cell, and it was only at that moment that Madame de la Fayette found the courage to tell her husband how her grandmother, her mother and her sister had all been beheaded in Paris in a single day.

Madame de la Fayette soon thereafter fell dangerously ill and, to her request that she be allowed to go to Vienna to consult a doctor, the condition was imposed that if she left her husband she would not be allowed to return to him. We can conceive what her answer was.

GEORGE WASHINGTON ASKS FOR HIS RELEASE

BUT the friends of the General were not relenting in their efforts. General Washington in May, 1796, wrote a letter to the King of Prussia, but did not receive any reply. In France Lally Tollendal raised his voice in his behalf. In England General Fitzpatrick, who had met General de la Fayette in England before he went to America, and who was a friend of Lord Cornwallis, introduced a motion in the House of Commons asking the British Government to intercede in behalf of the General. Fox and William Pitt seconded the motion. The great Tory, William Windham, opposed it, and in the sitting of December 16, 1796, pronounced these words, which illustrate the feeling at that time of all enemies of liberty: "I feel very little consideration for the beginners of revolutions. I should not be sorry, indeed I should rejoice, to see such men drink deep of the cup of calamity which they had prepared for the lips of others." The motion was defeated, but the exertions of Washington and other friends of de la Fayette had not been in vain.

The general feeling in Europe was more and more strongly in favor of the release of the General, and when the French Directory, through Bonaparte, opened negotiations with the Emperor of Austria, the doors of Olmütz were at last opened and on September 18, 1797, the General was set free, after five years and one month of incarceration, of which twenty-three months had been spent with him by Madame de la Fayette.

WASHINGTON BEFRIENDS HIS SON

LET us for a moment abandon General de la Fayette's life and say a few words of his only son, George Washington de la Fayette. He was thirteen years of age when, in 1792, his father being in prison, his mother sent him to America, imploring the aid of General Washington in his behalf. He spent some months in Mount Vernon, treated by General Washington as though he were his own son.

In the John Carter Brown Library of Providence, R. I., there is a small pocket memorandum book in which General Washington used to enter daily expenses, and in which we can read the following:

> "November, 1796
> 3d. Gave Geo. W. Fayette, for
> the purpose of getting
> himself such small arti
> cles of clothing as he might
> want & not chuse to ask
> for.—100 dollars."

Apropos the difference of feeling of Napoleon to young de la Fayette from that of the fatherly interest of George Washington, I recall the following anecdote:

During the first empire George Washington de la Fayette was a cavalry officer, and, at the battle of Eylau, rescued his Colonel. A few days after the battle Napoleon I., according to his habit, had a review of his troops, and, arriving in front of the regiment of Major de la Fayette, received the report of the Colonel, who asked him to promote the Major to

superior rank. The Emperor listened, then turned, deep in thought, turned again his head and simply answered:

"A de la Fayette—never!"

Soon after Major de la Fayette resigned; later on he accompanied his father on his historical tour to the United States in 1824-1825, and died as Senator of France in 1849.

Returning to the life of General de la Fayette—he was liberated from his Austrian prison, not by, but at the time of the treaty of Campo Formio; and, after a stay in Holland, necessitated by the political condition of France, returned to his native land. His sufferings during all that period had not in the least altered his love of "Justice, Liberty and Equality among men."

During the first Empire he was forced to remain on his estate near Paris, receiving many Americans, indulging in agriculture and showing in all his acts and dealings the same simplicity of manners and open-heartedness which had always been manifest in him.

LAFAYETTE'S RETURN TO THE UNITED STATES

At last he was able to realize one of his most desired and cherished hopes, a dream of many years. Answering the invitation of the United States Government, he came back to the land of the Great Republic, which he, as well as many other sincerely patriotic men, had helped to build. Of the triumphal march which the American people organized for him, a march of more than 3,000 miles, covering a period of ten months, a march unparalleled in history, I am unable to write. It is beyond my power, and I shall confine myself to only one or two anecdotes.

One of General de la Fayette's pet queries upon meeting an old comrade in arms was to inquire, "Are you married?" If receiving an affirmative answer, he would reply, "Happy man—happy man!" If by chance the next man replied to the contrary, de la Fayette would say, "Lucky dog, lucky dog!"

When the time came for his return to France the United States Government placed at his disposal a man-of-war. One afternoon, when the coast of France was in sight and the General was pacing the deck, a midshipman stood in front of the General, and, saluting, asked permission to say a few words. He then expressed to the General the feelings of the staff as having been honored in sharing the duty of conveying him home, and ended by saying that the staff would appreciate it very much if the General would let them have a small souvenir of so memorable a voyage. The General replied that unfortunately he had nothing with him to satisfy their request. Then the midshipman said: "General, we would like very much to have a lock of your hair." The General, removing his hat, answered simply, "Help yourself, sir; help yourself."

General de la Fayette's last years were coming. Poland was in the throes of revolution and partition, and a large part of his time was employed in the cause of the Poles. In fact, General de la Fayette was at that time the spokesman of that oppressed people. One of his last public appearances was in the rostrum of the Parliament in Paris in an endeavor to defend their cause of "Freedom and Independence."

And so, to his last moment, General de la Fayette showed the great quality which even his bitterest enemies have been obliged to recognize in him—steadfastness to his principles and devotion to the cause of all mankind.

WHY WE SHOULD KEEP THE WIRES

A Question of National Defense and Economic Efficiency —Not a Partisan Question

By HON. ALBERT SIDNEY BURLESON,
[POSTMASTER GENERAL]

WHEN I urge the permanent merging of the telegraph and telephone facilities of the country with the Postal System, all to be owned and operated by the Government, I advocate nothing that is novel, startling, radical or revolutionary. If it is " socialism " then most of my predecessors in the office of Postmaster General during the past fifty years must be classed as socialists; also many of our foremost statesmen and economists, including a number noted for their conservative opinions as to governmental operations.

I do not urge the change because of the Government having taken over those facilities temporarily; indeed, I advocated it long before the beginning of the war which caused the temporary change.

The question of the Government's owning and operating the wires is not, properly speaking, one of " Government ownership " in the sense generally given that term; it bears little if any relation to any such question of the Government's " going into business " as would be involved in the Government's undertaking a permanent monopoly of a process of general production. The change would harmonize perfectly in principle and fact with Abraham Lincoln's apt definition of proper governmental operations, to wit: " The legitimate object of government is to do for the people what needs to be done, but which they cannot by individual effort do at all, or do as well, for themselves."

Furthermore, it would be properly in line with, and in fact furnish the quickest and safest, if not the only feasible means for, the bringing about of that co-ordinate elaboration

of our various systems of electrical communication which our best practical experts hold to be the ultimate ideal of service.

The suggestion is by no means new, for it was put forth authoritatively at the very beginning of wire communication. As is well known, the Federal Government, by subsidy, assisted in the original development of the telegraph and pondered very seriously making it a governmental monopoly from the start. While it must be admitted that the development of our utilities for electrical communication, like that of most other facilities based on mechanical invention, may be credited largely to private initiative, individual enterprise does not account for it all. The Government as well as the public generally made valuable contributions to that development.

NOT PARTISAN, REVOLUTIONARY OR UNCONSTITUTIONAL

THE fact that nearly every other progressive country treats the telephone and telegraph as a governmental monopoly and operates them as parts of their postal systems banishes the suggestion that in doing likewise we should do anything partaking of the startling, radical or revolutionary.

Since, in this country, the change has been advocated with equal ardor by distinguished leaders in all parties, and by Postmaster Generals in both Republican and Democratic administrations, the question cannot be classed with those properly rated as partisan.

Although the Constitution does not prescribe the means of conveying intelligence by wire as a governmental monopoly, as it does the means for carrying the mails, we may suspect that the omission is due to the fact that there were no telephones or telegraphs, and none anticipated, when the Constitution was adopted.

The Constitution does not withhold the Postal Service from private control as a "business" or as an enterprise from which the Government expected to earn profits, but because it then constituted the only general and universal means for conveying intelligence. Practically the only other inter-

related means of communication were the public highways which from time immemorial have been owned and controlled by government.

The operation of the Postal Service was reserved exclusively to the Government because it was essential to the progress and development of the country that the mails be handled, not with an eye first to the earning of revenue, but to guarantee and facilitate the transmission of intelligence from one citizen to the other. And all will admit that this could not be done at all or as well through individual effort.

At that time, as stated, practically the only means of general communication was that afforded by the posts. The mails had no competitor. The telegraph and telephone, which were invented long after the Constitution was adopted, are, by the nature of the business done, competitors of the posts. The fact of a message being transmitted by wire instead of via a mail box does not change its basic character as a communication of intelligence, the handling of which the Government desired to keep exclusively in its own hands.

A PART OF THE NATIONAL DEFENSE

THE Constitution in giving Congress control of the post offices and post roads obviously to my mind contemplated no particular physical structures but the general communication of intelligence. It is entirely probable, had the telegraph and telephone been established or so much as anticipated, that they would also have been expressly included.

It is now an accepted axiom of government that the mails constitute a means for covering intelligence which it is as much the duty of the government to establish and maintain as it is its duty to provide for the national defense. In fact, an established and widely extended system of communication is a part of the national defense. Moreover, it is essential to the development of the country and the prosperity and general enlightenment of its people. It is a utility of defense and of progress as much during peace as during war times.

No one would withhold the liberal meed of credit due those who by private initiative and enterprise directed the development of our truly great system of electrical communication. However, that development would not have been possible but for the existence of a public willing to and capable of giving it support. Hence it might be suggested that the fertility of the soil with which they worked was in some degree made possible by the unparalleled encouragement which before and concurrently was given by our Government to the transmission of intelligence through the mails.

It is true that this development is made possible by inventions deserving individual reward and conveying individual rights; but it is proper to add that such inventions are encouraged and protected by our patent laws.

Because our present systems of electrical communication were developed largely through private initiative and enterprise makes no valid argument in favor of their continuance under private control and ownership. How they would have developed under Government ownership no one can with definiteness say. However, its contrast with the development of our marvelous system of mails, no one will contend is discreditable to the latter. Moreover, if we go back to origination, it is fair to note that the handling of the mails has not always been an exclusively government function and that our own Postal System was taken over in part at least from so-called private enterprise. And, the so often expressed opposite view to the contrary notwithstanding, private enterprise and personal initiative may yet and do contribute to the efficiency of the Postal Service.

WIRE UTILITIES "NATURAL MONOPOLIES"

THE wire service like the mails is a public utility of universal necessity and is adapted to the performance of no other function than that of conveying intelligence; and disregarding the divergence of views as to Government own-

ership of public utilities generally it must be recognized that electrical agencies of communication stand alone as an essential utility performing a Government function. It is possible to transmit a written communication independently of the mails and sometimes quite as expeditiously. Surrounding the mails are no such natural barriers like those which render wire facilities and, to a large extent, other means for electrical communication, supreme and exclusive in their field. They, to a much greater (albeit, to an almost complete) extent than the mails are " natural monopolies."

The progress, prosperity and enlightenment of the nation are dependent upon expansive means of communication between and among the people. Neither the telephone nor telegraph is any longer a means of communication solely for class or particularized use. Either bears more potently on the daily lives, habits, comfort and activities of the people than did the mails a hundred years ago. Under the complex system of society which, to a great extent, quick means for conveying intelligence is responsible for, we could now dispense with either telephone or telegraph at perhaps less inconvenience than would have accompanied the abolition of organized mail service a century ago.

Therefore, the very nature and quality of those utilities make it highly important for the extension of wire service to be determined by public needs rather than the opportunity for private gain. The wire systems are supported by the public because they are a necessity in social life and business enterprise, however wasteful they may be in their methods of operation or extravagant in their charges.

The extension of mail service, quite fortunately for the country, has never depended absolutely on profitable return in money. No matter how remote a community, or how difficult the reaching of it by post may be, the Government considers it a duty to see that that community is given such mail service as all the equities, instead of the question alone as to whether it shall pay of itself, may entitle that community to.

PRIVATE OWNERSHIP EXACTS A PROFIT

BUT the very nature of private ownership makes it necessary that the establishment or extension of wire service be determined almost wholly by whether it shall readily pay a profit. Under private ownership the extension of our mail service as made in the one branch of rural free delivery—which on the whole has not been a losing venture for the Government and of value to the country incalculable in terms of money — would have been impracticable and impossible. The extent of the wire service under private ownership is restricted to areas where it may be operated with more or less immediate and continuing profit to the owners. The competition which it invites is that which is in pursuit of profit, not in rivalry for public benefit and service.

I would not be so absurd as to argue that the Government should give the people a free wire service or anything akin to it, no more than it gives to them a free mail service. If the wires cannot be operated, as the mails are, with more benefit to the public for the full service rendered and with greater safety to the country than under private ownership they should not be taken over permanently by the Government.

But they can be so operated, not because all units of operation by the Government would of necessity be more efficient or less expensive but because, among other things, amalgamations, changes and extensions in the body of the service which can be undertaken practically by the Government alone would render the whole more efficient and at less cost than would be possible under private ownership.

For example, private capital will not enter such enterprises except upon the prospect of good return on the money invested with an added margin for the inevitable risks of loss involved in all private undertakings. Thus private capital is invested in such private enterprises with the expectation of seven or eight per cent and often greater return on the investment, while the Government can borrow money at

four and one-half per cent or less. The public pays the charge in either event. But the difference between four and one-half per cent and eight per cent for the money invested in the wire systems of the United States, would, as careful calculation shows, maintain and pay for the property in eighteen years and nine months. The Government as owner would be under no necessity to charge interest on its investment any more than it would for money invested in postal facilities, navy yards or other public property.

THE WASTES OF COMPETITION

THE greatest saving would come through the elimination of wastes caused by the competition involved in private ownership, which competition, under private ownership, is necessary to the protection of the public's rights.

Basically it would be as logical to have two or more post offices in the same town operating independently and where patrons of each had no means of communicating with each other, as to have two telephone systems operate in the same territory, for in either case the cost to the public is multiplied and the utility divided.

Mr. Theodore N. Vail, President of the American Telephone and Telegraph Company, and probably the world's highest authority on wire service, declares in a recent communication—in which he quotes extensively from his annual report for 1910—that his company should afford electrical communication. ". . . of every kind of intelligence from any place to anyone at any other place; that the service should be comprehensive, nation wide, economical and at a minimum price so that potential business could be developed."

But to do that effectively and economically, he goes on to say, " requires the combination of every kind of electrical transmission of intelligence into one system over which the most efficient service could be rendered through the development of new and useful service and the wire plant and facilities thus to be utilized to the fullest extent."

He advocates "common control of this unified system . . . . . to the furthermost possible limits," to, "cover our nation and the international communications to the boundaries of all other nations with which we have existing or potential relations." He thinks there should be "one control" of all electrical communications, domestic or international, "open wire, cable or radio" in order that there may be close harmony of effort and operation one with the other in all connected activities, including research, investigation and experimentation.

"Only in this way," he says, "can the greatest results in service, in public benefit, in economy or in cheapness be obtained."

A PRIVATE COMBINE OF ALL WIRES IMPRACTICABLE

I DOUBT if it would be practicable, or consistent with the country's or the public's interest for such a combine to come into being under private ownership and control, however patriotic or efficient it might be. In truth, the Government alone could safely exercise such a right of monopoly as the wire service calls for, but some plan of organization should be devised which will combine all the advantages and the authority possessed by the Government without losing the benefit of the experience of the best operation which our industrial world has demonstrated to be advantageous. I believe such a plan can be worked out.

While the various branches of electrical communication are inseparably related and interdependent so is all wire communication related to and in some degree dependent on postal service. The mails, as is well known, are often used in facilitating the dispatch of wire messages, and no doubt the mails and the wires could be worked together extensively with mutual advantage and improvements. In countries where Government ownership of the wires prevails, the same executive forces serve to a large extent for both the wires and

the mails; in many instances the same buildings and other equipment are utilized for both with much added convenience and saving to the public.

Information acquired through Federal control of the telegraph and telephone systems of the country since last August enables me to give assurance that the entire wire system of the country can be acquired and paid for in twenty-five years out of the savings made through the elimination of duplications in plants and operating expenses without injury—in fact with improvement—to the service rendered. Therefore, existing means of electrical communication of intelligence could be merged with the Postal Service without any ultimate cost to the public, and at the same time develop a national wire system available for the use of every community in the country co-extensive with the present Postal Service.

Since 1845, following an appropriation by Congress in 1844 looking to the acquisition of the Morse invention by the Post Office Department, many Postmaster Generals have recommended that the wire service be made a part of the postal monopoly.

CONGRESS HAS OPTION ON TELEGRAPHS

IN fact, in 1866 Congress by proper Act and the acceptance thereof by the telegraph companies caused to be obtained an option to purchase the telegraph properties at their appraised value. This option is still in full force and effect.

President Grant joined with Postmaster General Cresswell in "deprecating further delay" by Congress in providing fully for the acquisition of the wire lines of the country.

Nearly every Postmaster General since that time, including Messrs. Howe, Gresham, Wanamaker, Payne, Cortelyou, and my predecessor, Mr. Hitchcock, have recommended the acquirement of the wire lines, the construction of others by the Government or the utilization in some form of the wires in connection with the Postal Service.

Since 1871 more than 70 bills have been introduced in Congress providing for the purchase or control by the Government of the telegraph lines and more than a score of those bills have been reported favorably by Senate or House Committees.

The purchase, lease, or other forms of Government control of the wires have been advocated by many Senators and Representatives of all parties and by such outstanding national figures as Henry Clay, Charles Sumner, Hannibal Hamlin, and Senators Edmunds, Dawes and Chandler.

The objection based on the supposed advantages the party happening to be in power would gain through Government ownership, either in making use of private information contained in wire messages or by forcing the added number of Government employes to support it with their ballots, is answered, I think adequately, by our experience with the Postal Service, the management of which gives no special advantage to any political party. In truth, in a strict sense of practical politics, I believe responsibility for its management carries distinct disadvantages.

Congress already by special legislation has made it a criminal offense to make use for political purpose of any information passing over the wires and provided heavy penalties for divulging the contents of private messages. In fact the law already throws around telegraph and telephone messages all the safeguards as to privacy that exist with respect to sealed communications. No doubt similar protection in political action as now given Postal Department employes would be afforded persons associated with the wire service under permanent Government ownership.

Whatever disadvantages the further extension of Government operations might entail would certainly be outweighed by the many advantages that would accrue to it and the public through the complete and permanent amalgamation of the means of all electrical communication of intelligence with the Postal Service.

THE "ROMANCE" OF VON RINTELEN

The Kaiser's Secret Ambassador-de-Luxe

By H. DE WISSEN

The super-plotter of Prussian wiles fell into Uncle Sam's net. Today in the Federal Penitentiary at Atlanta, Franz von Rintelen, supposed to be of Hohenzollern blood, a multi-millionaire in his own name, a favorite but a few years back in Newport society, is serving a nine-year sentence for unlawful acts against the Government. His story is a thrilling episode of the Kaiser's intrigues in America.

IN the intimate, small circle of the personal entourage of Wilhelm the Mad, " by God's grace King of Prussia and German Kaiser," there breathed the dark spirits of medieval mysticism, superstition and legendry. Theirs were weird minds. They were veneered with a philosophic materialism and stored with a fund of knowledge of modern banking, commerce and industry; yet morally impoverished and cavernous with fetishes, mystic schemes of theology, strange fears, credulity for legend and fantastic, nebulous conceptions.

One such was that a Hohenzollern being predestined to Valhalla cannot fail. Another, that when the " Weiss Nacht " (White Night) came, then came with it, disaster. Now it was thought that " Franz von Rintelen," as the world knew him, could not fail. But that was before Wilhelm Hohenzollern stood beside the little square-paned window in the Castle of Pless; and looking out into the gusty, soaking night, saw something, which . . . .

The rain beat down. Across the East Prussian swamplands the wind moaned, whispering the woes of the battlefront on Russia's steppes. Back among the trees, in the swirling, dripping blackness of the night the presence of the old castle was felt rather than seen . . . the rain, gurgling from its gutters, splashing on its windows, the weeping of

myriad empty eyes. On such nights, in Prussian lore, the *Thing* was seen.

In the hunting *salle* of the castle, a log fire burned strangely, now dying down, now blazing bright, like a human hope. Uneasy shadows and reflections felt their way along the walls. Beside the fireplace a young dragoon officer, personal aide to the Kaiser, shivered a little and rubbed his hands. In the windows the curtains stirred, as with the cold wet night breathing through, and on the table the great candles flickered. To be sure this was to be expected in a draughty old castle but—in the young dragoon's mind rose the mists . . . . .

On such a night came Dorothea, all dressed in white, to the bier of the Great Elector of Brandenburg. Years later a form all in white was seen in the Palace of Bayreuth; and then, Napoleon! In 1799 the sentry at the palace gate in Berlin saw something white moving in the rain; and Prussia was humbled. In Bismarck's day the nurse of the misshapen Wilhelm saw the *Thing* and fled croaking her warnings; and the Iron Chancellor was lost. "White Night," foreteller of disaster. . . . By the fireplace, the young dragoon frowned. "Why is there no news from Rintelen?"

A telephone jingled. A dread to answer it possessed the dragoon. The bell sounded again, an absurd little bell to toll of fate. The young officer bent over the instrument. He heard, "Foreign Office!" Then he gripped at the edge of the table. *"Gott!"* The receiver fell from his hands. *"Majestat! Majestat!"* he cried in that panic peculiar to the most carefully trained Teuton in moments of stress, *"Majestat!"*

At a window on an upper floor Wilhelm the Mad stared out into the dripping night. Once he started and peered down at something that seemed to be moving among the trees. Against the castle the rain sobbed and wept. . . . There . . . . in the trees . . . . that pale effulgence . . . . that *white*——

"Majestat! Franz von Rintelen is a captive in the enemy's hands . . ."

"White night!"

"*Majestat!* He was taken from a steamer at Falmouth . . ."

"White Night." . . . .

The evil portent, harbinger of Hohenzollern doom! Indeed, mystic and weird were those days. And . . . . .

WHAT RINTELEN'S CAPTURE MEANT

FRANZ VON RINTELEN, the super-spy of the Hohenzollerns, is today in the Atlanta Penitentiary. Captured by the British at Falmouth, extradited by the United States, indicted for violation of the Sherman Act, passport fraud and the making of false manifests, Rintelen, gossiped as the blood of the Hohenzollern, was convicted and sentenced. And at the moment the Kaiser received the news of his capture well did he know what it meant. It meant, if he were not released, the collapse of the great spy machine that for years he had so painstakingly built, step by step, year by year—from the day of Prince Henry's visit in America. It meant the confusion of all his German-American plans, the stirring of the mood of America from smug indifference to wrathful hostility. He saw the downfall of his Embassy in Washington, utter failure in the gigantic plot to block all supplies of munitions and money to the Allies, millions and millions of dollars wasted. But worst of all—the blow at the Hohenzollern pride; for Franz von Rintelen was as often in his council as was his own son, the Crown Prince.

"I will let you have any ten British officers now in my prison camps," said the Kaiser, to England, "if you will exchange Franz von Rintelen."

And when the news of the capture was flashed to America, there were those who trembled. There was sleeplessness in the great country house in the Berkshires that Lamar, "The Wolf of Wall Street," had just bought. Fear sat beside a Congressman at his desk in the great hall where our laws are made. Fear seeped into the souls of American society women, as they thought of the Newport summer just

passed; and of the letters! "Franz *must* have destroyed them. He promised me he would." Fear struck at Papen, as he jumped in a taxi to tell Boy-Ed.

"*Bloedsinne Dummheit!* Idiotic stupidity!" snapped Papen. "The fool!"

"It means," said Boy-Ed calmly, "that we shall have to go."

For the activities of Franz von Rintelen, culminating in his capture, were sheer sabotage to the intricate machinery of the great spy system that Papen and Boy-Ed thought they were running with smoothness and skill. Accountable to neither of them, nor to Ambassador Bernstorff, Rintelen descended upon America. With millions of dollars at his disposal, with plans vast in their scope, amazing in their daring, and answerable only to the Kaiser, the astonishing von Rintelen ran amuck in New York. More than mere rumor credits him with being of Hohenzollern blood. True, he has not the physiognomy of the old Hohenzollerns, but neither has the Kaiser, with his facial traits, decidedly Piedmontese, for that matter.

Franz von Rintelen, while he was in America, was credited with being the son of a German Cabinet Minister of that name; but the Imperial "Who's Who" shows that the Minister never had a son. Mystery enshrouds Rintelen's origin, yet he married into the von Kaufmann family, one of the wealthiest in Berlin, and he held a commanding social position in the Empire. Also, he was worth $15,000,000 in his own name and enjoyed a strangely close association with the Kaiser.

When the stupendous plan formed itself in Rintelen's brain for crippling the Allies via America—a plan calling for the expenditure of, as he boasted, "Fifty million, yes a hundred million dollars"—he had but to discuss it with the Kaiser to have it approved and financed. Whereas, the facile Count von Bernstorff had to make minute accounting to Berlin for every dollar his Embassy dispensed. But not so von Rintelen. Strange, that, well meriting thoughtful speculation; well worth probing in the mystic caverns of a

Hohenzollern mind, not forgetting the weird fanatical beliefs among them, that a Hohenzollern cannot fail. And Franz von Rintelen came to America.

WHAT RINTELEN LOOKED LIKE

HE was tall, and trim at the waist, wide at the shoulders, symmetrically built like an oarsman. More often than not one glanced twice at him for his taste in dress. His wardrobe was superbly tailored; his shirts, handkerchiefs and hose, he chose with delicate skill, always of elusive and odd shades, never "loud," but the color of one always correctly matching with the other. Gifted with that instinct of the few, he "knew when to stop"; he never gave one the impression of the fop or the "dude." Rather, he suggested the impression of keen vitality always under repression; his facial muscles had a way of seeming to twitch, as though he were ever gritting his teeth. His forehead was wide and broad, and his ears, large and ruthless. His moustache was stubborn and companionable to his narrow brows, sharply uptilted and quite Mephistophelian. And his greenish gray eyes flashed with emotion, imagination and recklessness. Poised, polished, well bred with none of the stupid arrogance and rudeness of the Prussian the world knows so well, understanding the art of shading the modulated voice, a delightful raconteur, yachtsman, horseman, banker, clubman, "good fellow" among the men, "that dear boy" to the ladies, Franz von Rintelen was the most picturesque figure of the German propaganda.

He came to America in January of 1915 under a Swiss passport backed by the authority of the Kaiser to cut off all American support of any kind from the Allies. It was not his first visit to America. Seven years before he had come to our land with the approval of the mystic Wilhelm. Then it was to prepare himself for "Der Tag." In 1908 he had come to us after a study of economics in Germany, after a study of British banking as an employee in a London bank.

In those days Rintelen learned the lessons of our Big Business, the affiliations between our banking and our industry; he studied our banking relations with Canada and Mexico; he learned intimately the ramifications of our financial support of Mexican projects and then he crossed the Rio Grande to pick up the threads there. He made his way into New York society, became a favorite, was elected a member of the New York Yacht Club, was sought after for dinners and week-ends at Newport. He became popular not only with men but with women of the Four Hundred who found his insouciance a delight. And then in 1909 with a fund of information Von Rintelen returned to Germany, there to pass under the tutelage of that arch-schemer Von Tirpitz. In America, the memories he left behind were only pleasant, and with correspondence and invitations to Germany he made them live, carefully nurturing them for "Der Tag."

A HUNDRED MILLION TO SPEND

SO it was that when a Scandinavian steamer nosed into her New York dock on April 4, 1915, and Rintelen descended the gang-plank he came not among strangers. Day after day, during the long, tedious passage from Norway, the passengers had sought to become acquainted with "Emil V. Gasche" with the Swiss passport, but to no purpose. For "Emil," Rintelen rather, was reviewing, over and over, his American campaign. He was to buy cotton, rubber and copper and smuggle them through the British blockade for Germany. That, he dismissed with a shrug, "Too easy to bother about." He was to block the supply of all munitions from America to the Allies. That was more difficult, but of course it could be done. Had not the Kaiser chosen him and placed a hundred million dollars at his disposal? To be sure, Von Papen had been attempting with Dr. Albert and Boy-Ed that very thing; but then of course they were just what they were, not in a position which quite approached family intimacy with the Hohenzollerns as was he.

And in the Teutonic caverns of Rintelen's mind there must have stirred those fantastic thoughts of the Hohenzollerns which supernaturally abolish facts, that miasma drugging reason which whispered to Wilhelm the Mad and those of his entourage that *they* could not fail no matter what they essayed, for was it not infinitely ordered in some esoteric way that they were predestined to success? In such a mood did Franz von Rintelen gaze again upon the skyscrapers of New York.

Months before he had placed a wealthy American in his debt. This man owned a factory in Cambrai, France, and from August, 1914, when the Germans captured the city, the machines of the factory had not turned until seven months later when Rintelen told the Kaiser. And the wheels in the American's factory then turned. Of course this New Yorker was grateful. He was delighted to see his benefactor in New York. What could he do for him? He could do much. New instructions were needed. Who were the men who were making munitions for the Allies? Rintelen wished to meet them and their families, and families that were friends of their's? That was easily arranged. The American who owned the factory in Cambrai became Rintelen's mentor.

Again the well-tailored, graceful, charming conversationalist moved in New York society. He looked up old friends at the Yacht Club and they found him a brighter raconteur than ever. There came invitations to dinners and to dances. The old round of week-ends and motoring began. Hard-headed American business men, sophisticated society women and débutantes fell under his charm. Popularity whirled about him. When he entered a restaurant waiters hurried to serve him, for he understood how to order wines. Often he laughed away the hours in the Broadway cabarets. "Dear old boy, not a care in the world, not a thought about the war. Same old Rintelen. Good to see him." He fitted into the extravagance and thoughtlessness which was America's in those early months of the war when "everybody was making money." That was the Rintelen whom society knew.

EXIT JEKYLL; ENTER HYDE

THERE was another Rintelen. This was the same immaculate man, but a man in whose face was something savage that society never saw. This was the Rintelen who engaged an office on the eighth floor of a building in Pine Street which housed the Trans-Atlantic Trust Company. Here he was known as Fred Hansen; from this office he registered his business with the County Clerk as the E. V. Gibbon Company, purchasers of supplies. In the Trans-Atlantic Trust Company, subsequently taken over by the Alien Property Custodian, they knew who "Fred Hansen" was. They had received their instructions and they arranged for him his big credits with various New York banks.

This was the Rintelen who did not bandy about smiling quips from the depths of club arm-chairs or murmur the words over a pretty hand which brought the roses to a prettier face. Rather this was the Rintelen whose mouth was ever set in thin straight lines, whose facial muscles twitched, whose eyes took on the quality of burnished steel. For it did not take Rintelen long to grasp that he had made an enormous blunder.

He had given the Kaiser an incorrect estimate of the situation in America. He had underestimated our ability to produce munitions. He had not counted upon the swift adaptability of American industry to meet new markets, to change overnight from turning out the implements for a world at peace to a world at war. America's ability to make munitions astounded him. Knowing, as he did, the Kaiser's plans which called in the future for two huge offensives, one against Russia, the other against France at Verdun, Rintelen was appalled. He knew that much depended upon this mission of his. For these offensives to succeed American munitions had to be kept from reaching the Allies, otherwise there would come counter-offensives disrupting the plans of the Kaiser's staff. And Rintelen had underestimated the task in America and had assured the Kaiser that with \$50,000,000 or \$100,000,000 it would be easy to cut off all

American aid for the Allies! That was the situation in which Rintelen found himself, while Papen, Boy-Ed, Albert and Bernstorff, secretly resenting his coming to America, chuckled at his discomfiture.

But not for long. Rintelen did not have that reckless look about him for nothing. Appreciating that if he failed he was doomed, he threw caution to the winds. All the careful years of training under Tirpitz, all his schooling in banking and economics, all his mastery of delicate intriguing were jettisoned. In a mood of desperation, seeing that with his original plans for buying up munition outputs or putting up the prices sky high for the Allies, would surely fail, because America was producing vastly more quantities than he had believed possible, Rintelen embarked upon an impulsive, headlong, law-breaking attack. Scorning all advice and warnings, he boasted "I cannot fail." Which was an entirely Hohenzollern thing to do, a family trait so sharply evident that it gives credence to his possessing Hohenzollern blood.

WHOM THE GODS WOULD DESTROY—

THE worldly, cynical, sophisticated Franz von Rintelen began a series of acts quite ridiculous for one of his ability and training. In the labyrinth of American grafting politicians, "sure-thing" men, promoters, fake labor leaders and thugs he was lost. He was as credulous as a child. He met David Lamar, "The Wolf of Wall Street." Now anyone who knew the "Street" could have warned Rintelen to "lay off" Lamar; and his friends did. But Rintelen was desperate. He wanted a man who could engineer a scheme to tie up all the munition plants in America with strikes, and Lamar was the man.

You remember the scheme? Lamar got a Congressman to form a fake labor party, "Labor's National Peace Council," with headquarters in Washington, demanding a special session of Congress in the "interests of labor" to "promote universal peace" and "to promote the introduction and enactment of an embargo." Lamar told Rintelen this organi-

zation would be able to force an embargo on munitions; in the meantime he would tie up everything with strikes. And, wonder of wonders, Rintelen believed the Wolf and watched $800,000 in the Trans-Atlantic Trust Company dwindle to $40,000.

Lamar convened the council frequently. His hirelings made much noise. His press bureau circulated petitions, flooded the press with vitriolic attacks on anyone prominent, from President Wilson to Andrew Carnegie, on anyone whose name was sufficiently prominent to warrant the newspapers carrying it. They mailed Rintelen all the clippings of anything that was published. They obeyed Lamar's injunction "to make a lot of noise."

Rintelen childishly pasted up all the clippings about the Labor's National Peace Council in a scrap-book and told himself in his Teutonic way—which is, that "truth is what you want to believe"—that Lamar would soon have the exportation of munitions all tied up tight. One day Rintelen's American friend saw this scrap-book and gasped. "You are throwing your money away," he said. "This project would stop labor from earning its present high wages—higher wages than it has ever enjoyed. Do you think labor will support such a scheme—commit economic suicide? It is ridiculous!"

But Rintelen was running amuck. "Thanks," he snapped. "You come into this business about 11:45 o'clock."

And Rintelen continued to pour money into the paws of Lamar, the Wolf of Wall Street, and to tell himself that "great things" were about to happen. He used to pick up Lamar nights in a limousine at 100th Street and Central Park West, and, while rolling along under the trees of the park, he would hear Lamar say, "This Bridgeport strike is only the beginning of my efforts. In thirty days the whole munitions industry will be paralyzed." And Rintelen would fatuously believe him and another $100,000 would vanish from his account in the Trust Company.

One day in August Rintelen happened to go over a report that Boy-Ed had sent him showing the amount of muni-

tions that had left American ports during the preceding month. The amount was larger than it had been before Lamar was engaged! "Gott!" And for a few days Rintelen was sane again and withdrew all further financial support from the scheme. So it just died out, while "The Wolf of Wall Street" went to enjoy the autumn coloring from the verandahs of the great new home that he had just bought at Pittsfield in the Berkshires, while Rintelen invoked upon his head the wrath of his old German gods.

THE ONE GAME HE KNEW

NOW in the meantime, while the Rintelen, known as "Fred Hansen," was falling such easy prey to Lamar, the Rintelen of the gay smile, the easy jest, "the prince of good fellows," was playing a part in society with consummate skill. Which only shows that it was in the upper strata that he belonged. As a secret agent, whose value lay in information picked up in clubs, on yachts, around the tea table, at dinners, from men at "cocktail time" and in the whispered words of women quite bored, he was without a peer. That was the life Rintelen had long led; those were the circles in which he had moved. Our government will doubtless never tell what it knows of Rintelen's activities at Newport, of the contents of scented letters that were found on him when he was taken by the British at Falmouth. For such silence is decency and mercy; for there were Americans whom the witchery of his grace and charm temporarily made mad. It was in exclusive New York and Newport that Franz von Rintelen was nobody's fool, rather an insidiously dangerous man, ever gathering information about the Allies' finances and munition orders. Whereas, masquerading under numerous aliases, flitting from one secret office to another in the Wall Street district, receiving sly chemists to make bombs, swindling press agents and emissaries of Mexican revolutionists, he was a child.

Many in New York knew the scheme of the 350,000

Krag rifles condemned by the United States army. Countless war brokers had offered them to the agents of every belligerent nation. Always, when the transaction was about to be completed, it was found that the United States government had officially stated that they were not to be sold. One day a man came to Rintelen and said that for $17,826,000 he could obtain these rifles for Rintelen. He implied that this price included bribes for government officials, and, once this deal was closed, that it would be possible to put through the big project—the embargo—in the same way, as he said, "by handing out the sugar to these same officials."

Rintelen became greatly excited. Despite the fact that this Krag transaction had become a joke in New York, he was completely taken in by it. The man went on to tell him, "So close am I to the President that two days after you deposit the money in the bank, you can dandle his grandchild upon your knee." It passes comprehension, but Rintelen believed that story and he was arranging for the deposit of the money when he was warned that the man with whom he had been dealing was really the secret agent of a nation at war with Germany! Papen saved him.

All this time Papen, Boy-Ed and Dr. Albert were moving along with more or less caution. The reckless Rintelen, however, was able to make them all subservient to him. The wireless had but to speak to Berlin and the trick was done. "I, Franz von Rintelen, will put an end to all munition traffic." So Boy-Ed had to send him data about the sailing of ships; Papen about munition factories; Paul Koenig, the spy chief, supplied him with any men he needed; Dr. Albert furnished him economic information. To be sure, Albert was a purchasing agent, but not one with Rintelen's imagination; wherefore he was subordinated.

"I bought," Rintelen boasted, "two million dollars of provisions a week and got them into Germany through Denmark. I spent twenty-five million dollars running the British blockade. The blockade is a myth. Whenever I wish I can send goods to Germany."

ONE MAD SCHEME UPON ANOTHER

THAT was what the men around Rintelen, the sycophants, used to tell him so often that he came to believe it. But the facts are that most of the millions Rintelen spent trying to run the blockade were wasted, for his cargoes were apprehended by the British patrol. Also, he was swindled right and left. In Hoboken there was a Doctor making fire bombs for him. Rintelen further urged this man to ship munitions to a neutral port, for Germany, billing them as farm implements. He gave Scheele $20,000 to turn the trick. The wily Doctor made out the invoice as Rintelen directed, but actually shipped farm implements, *not* munitions. And Rintelen was stung again. It was simply a game that he did not know how to play.

With the torpedoing of the *Lusitania,* Americans connected with Rintelen began to scare and to talk. Reporters began to seek " Fred Hansen " in the office on Pine Street; so Rintelen jumped to the Woolworth Building. There he nested but a brief while and then flew into the offices of his American crony in the Liberty Tower. Here he was " E. V. Gates." So completely did he vanish that when the report got around that he had slipped away to Berlin it was credited. And " E. V. Gates " used to chuckle at the newspapers in the offices of the Liberty Tower, and daily calls with Berlin in code by the wireless. This " disappearance " pleased him. Thus he became bolder and bolder, his Prussian ego expanding and expanding. Verily a Hohenzollern cannot fail.

So it was that having failed to stop the exportation of munitions through Lamar the Wolf, through the purchase of the notorious 350,000 Krags that would allow him to " dandle the President's grandchild on his knee "; having squandered millions trying to run the British blockade, having enriched New York press agents, thugs, " sure-thing men," fake labor leaders, all to no purpose, Rintelen became still more desperate. His imagination ran riot. He dreamed, " Ah, I will embroil the United States at war with Mexico. That will *make* the government keep all the munitions in

America for the army. All the shoes, cloth, horses' food, indeed everything that the United States is sending to the Allies will be diverted to maintain an American army south of the Rio Grande."

That was the vision Von Rintelen saw that night at Newport as he bantered pleasantries in the moonlight and smiled as a woman laughed.

Rintelen's plan was audacious. He knew, if Huerta were to return to power in Mexico, that the United States would be forced to intervene. He sent an agent to Barcelona, Spain, to induce Huerta to come to New York. Now this plan was in the realm of *Welt Politik,* which was different from Lamar's, thugs, all those beings who walked the tortuous paths of Sure-Thing Land, a jungle of which Rintelen little knew. Accordingly Rintelen worked with some skill. He kept in the background. He used Papen and Boy-Ed as his agents to confer with the agents of Huerta. He sent $800,000 to Mexico City and Cuban banks for Huerta's use. But, unknown to Huerta, he also financed other Mexican leaders, generals and statesmen, in the hope of throwing Mexico in an uproar. The plans matured, Papen and Boy-Ed toured the Mexican frontier. Munition depots were arranged. German reservists enrolled. Huerta sneaked out of New York. But just as he sought to cross the frontier he was captured by our cavalry. It was the closest Rintelen came to success.

THE PICTURESQUE FAILURE

FLAGELLATING himself that he was "not accomplishing more," Rintelen worked himself into a frame of mind that would give heed to any proposition that might seem to benefit Germany, no matter how far-fetched. When the *Lusitania* was sunk, some one told him that he could bankrupt the Cunard Line by bringing suits against it in American courts. He believed it and wasted thousands of dollars backing fake cases.

He was told that once he could get the President's ear he could, by appealing to his "humanitarian sense," induce him to place an embargo upon munitions. He believed it, and lavished thousands of dollars upon publicists, newspaper men, politicians and prominent men, all of whom had "the entree to the White House." And, of course, he was never even received. He was told that by lobbying he could get an embargo act pushed through Congress. He believed it and poured millions into the yawning pocketbooks of lobbyists and "fixers" and got nothing in return. He was told that Samuel Gompers could be bought and would authorize strikes in all munition plants. He sent two agents to Atlantic City to offer Gompers $500,000, and of course was turned down.

In his desperation Rintelen would listen to any law-breaker. He paid out money for fire-bombs to be placed on steamers. He paid men to enter munition plants as spies. He paid press agents to stir up trouble in the press against Mexico and Japan; and got nothing for his money but experience. He spent about $50,000,000, and, with the exception of sneaking through a few cargoes to Norway and Italy, then neutral, whence the goods were then smuggled into Germany, he accomplished nothing.

It was the most picturesque failure of the war. Franz von Rintelen came to America for the Kaiser, with all the early training that the Kaiser had given him, with a popularity in New York society still his. He came with untold millions at his disposal. He came with the gigantic scheme of utterly cutting off American exports and finances from the Allies. He wandered into a labyrinth where waited the Wolf of Wall Street, where lurked all the "con men," blackmailers and thugs of New York; and in their hands the brilliant, polished Rintelen, the linguist, the banker, the raconteur, the delicate intriguer, the sophisticated man of society, the Hohenzollern, as they say he is, was a child.

For Franz von Rintelen to be conferring with law-breakers and "con men" was an incongruity born of the desperation that he would otherwise fail the Kaiser. Among

his intimate friends it was said that there came moments when he would convulsively shudder and exclaim, "How loathsome I feel! How this dirty work sticks to me! When this war ends I shall take a bath in carbolic acid."

It ended for Rintelen, sooner than he thought. A hopeless failure, having squandered fifty millions on what he had attempted, he contrived to smuggle his way back to Germany under his old Swiss passport, but the British caught him. Then the United States extradited him for trial—for prison.

And when the news was brought to Wilhelm the Mad, he already knew that disaster was looming in the future. And when Wilhelm cried out: "I will let you have any ten British officers now in my prison camps in exchange for Franz von Rintelen," he cried out to fate. For the capture of Rintelen opened the road to the innermost secrets of the German intrigue; it opened America's eyes; it spelled the Kaiser's doom.

FLAMBEAU

By RUTH MASON RICE

THY beacon-fire is like a torch at night
That flares against the sky;
All down the mountain-side the balsam forests lie,
Pungent and piled with gloom;
Here in the valley, at the window of my room—
Vestal and dark—
I hold a candle high
Above my head, and with its vagrant light
I signal to my sentry
On the hill;
While, deep within my heart, a thrill; and more
There glows a growing spark
Of love for thee;
This—is our semaphore.

THE FOUR PARTNERS IN INDUSTRY

New Working Principles for the Brotherhood of Man

By JOHN D. ROCKEFELLER, JR.

Mr. Rockefeller gives his ideals, augmented by practical suggestion, for a new Industrial Creed, based upon his own experiences and contact, and the Re-adjustment Experiments in England.

WE stand at the threshold of the period of reconstruction, and as we turn from the problems of war to the problems of peace we may look for such success in solving the latter as has been attained in dealing with the former only as we are animated by the same spirit of co-operation and brotherhood. The hope of the future lies in the perpetuation of that spirit and its application to the grave problems which confront us nationally as well as internationally.

Among these problems none is more important or more pressing, from the fact that it touches almost every department of life, than that of industry.

What is the purpose of industry? Shall we cling to the old conception of industry as primarily an institution of private interest, whereby certain favored individuals are enabled to accumulate wealth, irrespective of the well-being, health and happiness of those engaged in its production? Or shall we adopt the modern viewpoint, which regards industry as in the nature of social service, as well as a revenue-producing process for capital and labor?

Is it not true that any industry, to be successful, must insure to labor adequately remunerative employment under proper working conditions; must render useful service to the community and earn a fair return on the money invested, and also that a prime consideration in the carrying on of industry should be the well-being of the men and women engaged in it?

The soundest industrial policy is that which has constantly in mind the welfare of the employes as well as the making of profits, and which, when necessity arises, subordinates profits to welfare.

It must be borne in mind, however, that industry cannot be successful unless not only the community and the workers are adequately served, but those whose money is invested reap a just return.

PARTNERSHIP DEFINED

WHO are the parties to industry? They are four in number—Capital, Management, Labor and the Community. Capital is represented by the stockholders and is usually regarded as embracing Management. Management is, however, an entirely separate and distinct party to industry; it consists of the executive officers, who are the administrators of the industry, and who bring to it technical skill and managerial experience. Labor is represented by the employes, but its contribution, unlike that of capital, is not detachable from the one who makes it, for it is his physical effort, his strength, his life. Here the list usually ends, for the fourth party, namely, the community, whose interest is vital and in the last analysis controlling, is too often ignored.

The community's right to representation in the control of industry and in the shaping of industrial policies is similar to that of labor. But for the community's contribution, in the maintenance of law and order, of agencies of transportation and communication, of systems of money and credit and of other services, all involving continuous outlays, the operation of capital, management and labor would be enormously hampered, if not rendered well-nigh impossible.

Furthermore, the community is the consumer of the product of industry, and the money which it pays for the product provides the wages, salaries and profits that are distributed among the other parties.

What are the relations between these four parties in industry? It is frequently maintained that they are hostile. I

am convinced that the opposite is the case, that they are not those of enemies, but of partners, and that the four parties have a common interest. Furthermore, success cannot be brought about by any one of the parties assuming a position of dominance and arbitrary control, but is dependent rather upon the co-operation of all four. Partnership, not enmity, is the watchword. While the relationship thus described is undoubtedly the ideal one, we may well ask to what extent is this ideal realized in the average industry. Regretfully we must answer, not often.

THE WIDENING GULF

A GULF has grown up between capital and labor, which is ever widening. These two forces have come to work against each other, each alone seeking to promote its own selfish ends. Thus has come about the various incidents of industrial warfare so regrettably common.

Industry has become highly specialized. The workman of today devotes his energies as a rule to the countless repetition of a single act or process, which is only one of perhaps a hundred operations necessary to transform the raw material into the finished product. Very naturally the worker loses sight of the significance of the part which he plays in industry and feels himself but one of many cogs in a wheel.

All the more is it necessary that he should have contact with those who are likewise related to the industry, so that he may still realize that he is a part and a necessary, though inconspicuous, part of a great enterprise.

Thus only can common purpose be kept alive, individual interests safeguarded.

The question which confronts the student of industrial problems is how to re-establish personal relations and co-operation in spite of the changed conditions. The answer is absolutely clear and unmistakable: Through adequate representation of the four parties thereto in the councils of industry.

As regards the organization of labor, it is just as proper

and advantageous for labor to associate itself into organized groups for the advancement of its legitimate interests as for capital to combine for the same objects. Such associations of labor manifest themselves in collective bargaining, in an effort to secure better working and living conditions, in providing machinery whereby grievances may easily and without prejudice to the individual be taken up with the management. Sometimes they provide benefit features, or seek to increase wages, but whatever their specific purpose, so long as it is to promote the well-being of the employes, having always due regard for the just interest of the employer and the public, leaving every worker free to associate himself with such groups or to work independently as he may choose, they are to be encouraged.

ORGANIZATION AND ITS EFFECTS

BUT organization has its danger. Organized capital sometimes conducts itself contrary to law and in disregard of the interests both of labor and the public. Such organizations cannot be too strongly condemned or too vigorously dealt with. Although they are the exception, such publicity is generally given to their unsocial acts that all organizations of capital, however rightly managed or broadly beneficent, are thereby brought under suspicion.

Likewise it sometimes happens that organizations of labor are conducted without just regard for the rights of the employer or the public. Such organizations bring discredit and suspicion upon other organizations which are legitimate and useful, just as is the case with improper organizations of capital, and they should be similarly dealt with.

We should not, however, allow the occasional failure in the working of the principle of the organization of labor to prejudice us against the principle itself, for the principle is fundamentally sound. Since the United States went into the war the representation of both labor and capital in common councils has been brought about through the War Labor Board, composed equally of men from the ranks of labor and the ranks of capital.

Whenever questions of dispute have arisen in various industries, the War Labor Board has stepped in and made its findings and recommendations, which have been adopted by both labor and capital in practically every instance. In this way more continuous operation has been made possible and the resort to the strike and lockout has been less frequent.

ENGLAND'S EFFORTS TO CO-ORDINATE CAPITAL AND LABOR

IN England there were made during 1917 three important government investigations and reports looking toward a more complete program of representation and co-operation on the part of labor and capital. The first is commonly known as the Whitley Report, made by the Reconstruction Committee, now the Ministry of Reconstruction. To a single outstanding feature this plan owes its distinction. It applies to the whole of industry the principle of representative government.

In brief, its recommendations are that there be formed industrial councils, national, district and works, labor and capital to be equally represented in each, with an impartial or neutral presiding officer. National councils would be composed of the national trades unions on the one hand and national employers' associations on the other. District councils would include district trades unions and employers' associations. In the works councils or committees, employers and employes would sit together and would be in close co-operation with district and national councils. The function of the works committees is to establish better relations between employers and employed by granting to the latter a greater share in the consideration of matters with which they are concerned.

These recommendations are of additional interest and value in that at once the existing forms of organization, both of labor and capital, are availed of and made the basis for the new co-operative councils, with such additions only as may be necessary. The Whitley plan seeks to unite the organizations of labor and capital by a bond of common interest in a

common venture; it changes at a single stroke the attitude of these powerful aggregations of class interest from one of militancy to one of social service; it establishes a new relation in industry.

Another investigation and report was made by a Commission on Industrial Unrest appointed by the Prime Minister, which made these interesting recommendations:

1. That the principle of the Whitley report as regards industrial councils be adopted.

2. That each trade should have a constitution.

3. That labor should take part in the affairs of industry as partners rather than as employes in the narrow sense of the term.

4. That closer contact should be set up between employers and employed.

The third report, prepared by the Ministry of Labor, on the question of the constitution and working of the works committee in a number of industries, is a valuable treatise on the objects, functions and methods of procedure which have been tried in actual practice.

These reports, together with a report on reconstruction, made by a sub-committee of the British Labor party, outlining its reconstruction program, a most comprehensive and thoughtful document, indicates the extent and variety of the study which has been given to the great problem of industrial reconstruction in England. All point toward the need of more adequate representation of labor in the conduct of industry and the importance of closer relations between labor and capital.

REPRESENTATION PLANS IN BIG AMERICAN INDUSTRIES

A SIMPLER plan than those to which reference has been made, less comprehensive and complete, building from the bottom up, has been in operation for varying periods of time in a number of industries in this country, notably the Standard Oil Company of New Jersey, the Colorado Fuel and Iron Company, the Consolidation Coal Company, some of

the works of the General Electric Company, and others, and is worthy of serious consideration in this connection.

Beginning with the election of representatives in a single plant, it is capable of indefinite development to meet the complex needs of any industry and a wide extension to include all industries. Equally applicable in industries where union or non-union labor, or both, are employed, it seeks to provide full and fair representation of labor, capital and management, taking cognizance also of the community, to which representation could easily be accorded, and has thus far developed a spirit of co-operation and good will which commends it to both employer and employe. The outstanding features of the plan are briefly:

Representatives chosen by the employes in proportion to their number from their fellow workers in each plant form the basis of the plan. Joint committees, composed of an equal number of employes or their representatives and an equal number of officers of the company are found in each plant or district. These committees deal with questions of co-operation and conciliation, safety and accident, sanitation, health and housing, recreation and education. Joint conferences of representatives and officers of the company are held in the various districts several times each year, and there is also an annual joint conference, at which reports from all districts are considered.

Another important feature of the plan is an officer known as the President's Industrial Representative, whose duty is to visit currently all the plants and confer with the representatives, as well as to be available always for conference at the request of the representatives. Thus the employes, through their representatives chosen from among themselves, are in constant touch and conference with the owners through their representatives and the officers in regard to matters of common interest.

The employes' right of appeal is the third feature. Any employe with a grievance, real or imaginary, may go with it at once to his representatives, who frequently find there is no real ground for grievance and are able to so convince the

employe. But if a real grievance exists or dissatisfaction on the part of the employe continues, the matter is carried to the local boss, foreman or superintendent, where, in the majority of cases, questions are satisfactorily settled.

Further appeal is open to the aggrieved employe to the higher officers and to the president, and if satisfaction is not had there, the court of last appeal may be the Industrial Commission of the State, where such a commission exists; the State Labor Board, or a committee of arbitration.

RESULTS OBTAINED BY THE EMPLOYES' BILL OF RIGHTS

A FURTHER feature is the employes' bill of rights. This covers such matters as the right to caution and suspension before discharge, except for such serious offenses as are posted at the works, the right to hold meetings at appropriate places outside of working hours, the right without discrimination to membership or non-membership in any society, fraternity or union, and the right of appeal to which reference has just been made.

Where some such plan as this has been in operation for a considerable time, some of the results were:

First—Uninterrupted operation of the plants and increased output.

Second—Improved working and living conditions.

Third—Frequent and close contact between employes and officers.

Fourth—The elimination of grievances as disturbing factors.

Fifth—Good will developed to a high degree.

Sixth—The creation of a community spirit.

Based as it is upon principles of justice to all those interested in its operation, its success can be counted on so long as it is carried out in a spirit of sincerity and fair play. Furthermore, it is a vital factor in re-establishing personal relations between the parties in interest and developing a genuine spirit of brotherhood among them.

Here, then, would seem to be a method of providing

representation which is just, which is effective, which is applicable to all employes whether organized or unorganized, to all employers whether in associations or not, which does not compete or interfere with organizations or associations in existence, and which, while developed in a single industrial plant as a unit, may be expanded to include all plants of the same industry, as well as all industries.

Just what part labor organizations and employers' associations can best take in such a plan, it will require time to disclose, but certain it is that some method should be worked out which will profit to the fullest extent by the experience, strength and leadership of these groups.

Where such a system of representation has been in operation it has proved an effective means of enlisting the interest of all parties to industry, of reproducing the contacts of earlier days between employer and employe, of banishing misunderstanding, distrust and enmity, and securing co-operation and the spirit of brotherhood. While doubtless defects will appear in this plan and other methods more successfully accomplishing the same end may be devised, at least it has proved and is proving that in unity there is strength, and that a spirit of co-operation and brotherhood in industry is not only idealistically right but practically sound and workable.

If the foregoing points which I have endeavored to make are sound, might not the four parties to industry subscribe to an industrial creed somewhat as follows:

SUGGESTED INDUSTRIAL CREED

I BELIEVE that labor and capital are partners, not enemies; that their interests are common interests, not opposed, and that neither can attain the fullest measure of prosperity at the expense of the other, but only in association with the other.

2. I believe that the community is an essential party to industry, and that it should have adequate representation with the other parties.

3. I believe that the purpose of industry is quite as much to advance social well-being as material well-being and that in the pursuit of that purpose the interests of the community should be carefully considered, the well-being of the employes as respects living and working conditions should be fully guarded, management should be adequately recognized and capital should be justly compensated, and that failure in any of these particulars means loss to all four.

4. I believe that every man is entitled to an opportunity to earn a living, to fair wages, to reasonable hours of work and proper working conditions, to a decent home, to the opportunity to play, to learn, to worship and to love, as well as to toil, and that the responsibility rests as heavily upon industry as upon government or society, to see that these conditions and opportunities prevail.

5. I believe that efficiency and initiative, wherever found, should be encouraged and adequately rewarded and that indolence, indifference and restriction of production should be discountenanced.

6. I believe that the provision of adequate means for uncovering grievances and promptly adjusting them is of fundamental importance to the successful conduct of industry.

7. I believe that the most potent measure in bringing about industrial harmony and prosperity is adequate representation of the parties in interest; that existing forms of representation should be carefully studied and availed of in so far as they may be found to have merit and are adaptable to the peculiar conditions in the various industries.

8. I believe that the most effective structure of representation is that which is built from the bottom up, which includes all employes, and, starting with the election of representatives in each industrial plant, the formation of joint works committees, of joint district councils and annual joint conferences of all the parties in interest in a single industrial corporation, can be extended to include all plants in the same industry throughout a nation, all industries in a community, in a nation and in the various nations.

9. I believe that the application of right principles never fails to effect right relations; that the letter killeth and the spirit maketh alive; that forms are wholly secondary while attitude and spirit are all important, and that only as the parties in industry are animated by the spirit of fair play, justice to all and brotherhood, will any plans which they may mutually work out succeed.

10. I believe that that man renders the greatest social service who so co-operates in the organization of industry as to afford to the largest number of men the greatest opportunity for self-development and the enjoyment by every man of those benefits which his own work adds to the wealth of civilization.

Never was there such an opportunity as exists today for the industrial leader with clear vision and broad sympathy permanently to bridge the chasm that is daily gaping wider between the parties in interest and to establish a solid foundation for industrial prosperity, social improvement and national solidarity. Upon the heads of the leaders—it matters not to which of the four parties they belong—who refuse to reorganize their industrial households in the light of the modern spirit, will rest the responsibility for such radical and drastic measures as may later be forced upon industry if the highest interests of all are not shortly considered and dealt with in a spirit of fairness. Who, I say, dares to block the wheels of progress, and to fail to recognize and seize the present opportunity of helping to usher in a new era of industrial peace and prosperity?

SIMPLICITY IN TRUE ART

A Great Singer's First Confession of Her Creeds in Art and Life

By GALLI-CURCI

THE principal charm of American singers who have made extraordinary successes in Grand Opera, both abroad and here, has been the delightful simplicity of their performances. Having had the opportunity during the last year or two to understand the American character, I am not surprised at the particular faculty for the simplest expression of great feeling in the American woman. The freedom of her early training, the traditions of a young country, the natural beauty of her presence, the emotional life of her country and its customs, which are entirely different from the training of women in Europe, lead to an interpretation of great music, by the American woman, that is unique for its direct simplicity.

Personally it is only natural to find simplicity in the most tragic moments of opera. The really tragic events in the lives of people or in the passions of nature are very silent, unspectacular—simplicity itself. It so happens that great moments in opera are usually an emotional crisis of tragic force. The European woman approaches tragedy with a certain strange instinct of enjoyment. She becomes self-conscious because her imagination has dwelt very largely upon the spectacular events of tragedy. In France for many years the triangle of emotion has been openly displayed and discussed even in the heart of the family. In Italy our tragedy comes swiftly, without words, like lightning from a brooding sky. In England, excepting the tragedies of sordid character, there are fewer conflicts of emotion than in other countries. In Russia the tragic emotions are preceded by a definite mood of melancholia that foreshadows. These are simply suggestions to emphasize the entirely different character of the

American emotion. In America there is always the sunlight of smiles that lights the darkest places in the heart and keeps it warm. There is never that fearful chill in tragic episodes, that gray despair which is peculiar to the foreign character in the midst of tragic emotion in the American crisis. It is a great gift that is born in American artists, this gift of illuminating the shadows of all human lives with a gleam of hope, of faith in ultimate triumph over disaster.

AMERICAN WOMEN SINGULARLY GIFTED

ALL artistic expression of course requires technique, but the higher forms are those which occur in the simplicity of supreme sympathy, broad understanding of what is true and false in the primitive emotions of life. It is difficult to simplify artistic expression unless one is born with a native simplicity of feeling. It is in this respect that the American woman is singularly gifted. She brings to her adopted art a deliberate, searching perception for the true interpretation of feeling. Sometimes, in opera, American singers have been accused of being cold, not so demonstrative, so warm in their singing as the European woman. That is very often the fault of the critic, whose preferences may be entirely for the more spectacular conception. I have not yet found "la belle Americaine" who could be accused of being cold. She may have reserve, but what irresistible simplicity of feeling is hers once she feels!

American men are not so imaginative; their talent for musical expression is not usually as distinguished as that of American women. The American man still has to learn from the American woman the deeper reserve of emotion, and to learn from her also the abandon of simplicity. Yes, there is such a thing; a simplicity like the child's spontaneity is the natural abandon of true imagination.

The critics have been kind enough, among many nice things they have said of me, to insist that I have simplicity of style. If this is true, I have no teacher in art to thank for it. My greatest asset, in this degree of simplicity which has

been so liberally spoken of, is my lack of sympathy with complex emotions. I have lived so close to the language of the earth, and I have looked with such admiration upon the distance of the stars and the great expanse of sky, that I have had no time to enter into the complication of spectacular feeling. Music above all things is song, and song is the voice of aspiring human beings. Singing is from the heart, and not from the vanities or intellectuality of thought.

So many American girls write to me and ask if they have a chance in opera. But, of course they have a chance if they but have the voice. What American singers lack most is a good pronunciation. I have heard so many really beautiful voices in America, but the foreign pronunciation is so strange to them. In your language you have no open vowels, like Italian. When you say a word in Italian you almost sing it, and we learn all the languages as little children.

Then, too, in America there are no little opera houses to begin in. You must either go to the Metropolitan or to Chicago. In Europe there are lots of little opera houses where it is easy to get a start, but of course first you must know the language. There are good chances in Italy if you have merit. Italy is always thirsty for good voices, whether they come from America or from home.

AN ARTIST'S PERSONAL LIFE

THE personal life of an artist has really no significance excepting as it may reveal the influences which have contributed to artistic success, which it rarely does. There is nothing that an artist can tell another artist that will be of lasting value. Some one asked me the other day what was my favorite song, but I have none, because I love them all. They are each one a part of me. A mother does not love one child more than another, and my songs are my dream-children, each one dear to my heart. Real babies I have none, yet. I should love them awfully. But babies take time from one and I am so busy. All my life is so full. On the stage I am a prima donna, but once I am at home I am only

a little lady who happens to sing. My home, it is my rest—my paradise. But each day I must work, work, work with my music, trying to correct the many faults the kindly critics have pointed out in my voice. Each day I close myself in my own little room for two or three hours and with my brain I study my characterization of the roles I sing. When I know the music by heart, I begin to sing and put it in the throat, singing not more than one-half hour at a time.

In great painting, in fine writing, in great singing, I do not believe there is any definite advice to give those who contribute to fine issues. We have a word called Nature which embodies everything we see, and to many of us expresses things we cannot see. We do not all have the same intensity of feeling, we do not all see the same distance with our eyes or hear the same music with our ears. But there is an attempt made in artistic effort by many people who accomplish a certain limited expression by development of technique. The greatest art so utilizes technique that it is not visible, that it is not thought about, that it is not even used as a support to the work.

In music we must learn to breathe, to articulate the song, to keep the vocal mechanism, through practice, in prime condition; but given the most beautiful voice in the world and a human being without heart, all the technique will not make that singer a success. Of course what we mean by success is the response of an audience to the artistic truth expressed by the artist. So I have no elaborate plea to make for technique.

THE SINGER'S GREATEST GIFT

I SHOULD sum up the greatest gift to a singer as the gift of simplicity—of character, of vision, of sympathy, of poise with the rest of the world.

What is simplicity?

Looking the other man straight in the eyes without suspicion, with friendliness, with sympathy, and with faith in what he is. That is the way the artist should look at life, at

the things and the people and the impressions which life gives him or her. From such outlook come no complications, no intellectual dangers, no radical disturbances. Simplicity in art is not a complicated analysis of bristling questions as to the why and wherefore of feeling, it is just the opposite to query. Simplicity of understanding is the question with which simplicity in art is answered.

It is merely a case of letting yourself grow, inch by inch, without asking questions about it. It is no use quarreling, for instance, with one's figure, the color of one's eyes, or the color of one's hair. All moulds of nature are not outwardly beautiful, but there is beauty somewhere in every mould of nature, and if we look for it, if we do not deny it the right of way when we meet it, it is because we do not look at life with the simplicity of confidence.

How often you hear artists talk about self-confidence. They speak of it as if it were a magic spell that could be secured from any shop around the corner. And, sometimes, they speak of it as if it were a false wig, something to be put on in emergencies. Of course, it is nothing of this kind. Self-confidence is really the unconscious simplicity which meets the hour, whatever it may be, with an impersonal interest. The beautiful dresses, the soft lights, the artistic grandeur of the scenery on the operatic stage, may all tend to inflame the imagination of the artist, but, to my mind, the chief force of a performance in Grand Opera is the simplicity of feeling with which the performance is given. I would not say that any singer can succeed in Grand Opera without technique, but I will say that technique alone without the deep love for the song that nature has given the singer will not make a distinguished success.

SIMPLICITY OF THE ARTIST'S LIFE

IT is outside the walls of the theatre that the simplicity of artistic work is encouraged—is maintained even. It has always been very easy for me to work. I sing because I feel

and enjoy singing, but if I do not keep the work constantly and actively alive, I should not be able to sing as well. During my vacation in the mountains I follow a strict rule of life. From eight to nine I spend on horseback, from nine to ten I attend to household duties and correspondence. From ten to twelve I devote entirely to singing, which is followed by luncheon. The automobile in the afternoon, a tramp in the woods, and one hour reserved for privacy. I make it a rule always to spend one hour of each day entirely alone. Many people have realized the value of being alone, it stimulates and it strengthens because the spirit can only be refreshed by a private conference of this sort.

My evenings are also spent at the piano, because the piano was the instrument I intended to make my living with. The fact that I had a voice was discovered for me. I hold a teacher's certificate in Milan as a pianist and expected to follow that profession. My parents looked with disfavor upon an operatic career. But, I am happy that my voice has pleased so many. I have never been "turned down," as you call it, by any manager. I came to this country in 1915, and Mr. Gatti Casazza never even saw me until one night I did go over to the Metropolitan Opera House to hear Geraldine Farrar and John McCormack sing in "Madame Butterfly."

I could not help singing—my father, my mother, and my grandparents all were fine musicians, and I began as a little child. Always we had money, and I never had any hard times. In Milan, where I was born, I went to school and studied French, English, Italian, German, and, later, Spanish. When I was twenty I married. I came by way of Cuba, where I had "made good," as you say. In Madrid and Buenos Aires people were just as good to me as you Americans. From Buenos Aires we came to New York.

I like opera better than concert, although concert singing is much more difficult. In the opera there are costumes, much color, scenery and other people to help the artist. A concert stage is like a picture without a frame. The singer must be the picture and the frame.

THE JOYOUS CATSKILLS

MY first summer in America was spent in the Catskill Mountains. I am used to the mountains in Italy, where I was born, and to the mountains of Spain where I had made some reputation before I came to America. But I have never seen such happy mountains as those American hills on the Hudson. They are not frowning or severe—but joyous, and the line they make against the sunset sky is more beautiful, more inviting, more friendly than the black mountain heights of Europe.

I never let anything interfere with my rest. I must have it—if I am to sing, I must sleep, for I cannot do one without the other—so I shall never neglect my rest.

Live modestly, healthfully, simply. Look for happiness all the time, and it is surprising how much of it will come. Do not study the artificial effects either in private or public appearances and you will find that it is much easier to move through the difficult and trying experiences of a public career with simplicity than it is with artificial splendor.

The greatest music teacher I have ever known is the lark, that subtle voice with a method divinely given, with a scale and temperament that is as simple as the mystery of the dawn.

HIS LETTER

By FAITH BALDWIN

AND I had fancied nothing more could hurt,
After the cable came . . . official, brief . . .
Holding in words, improbable and curt,
So ocean-wide and measureless a grief.
I said to those who love me, "I am dead
To any anguish more. And glad to die . . .
For that far steel with which his blood is red,
Is not more cold to Sorrow now than I."

Tonight . . . his letter came—a star, long-strayed . . .
Under my eyes, these broken, boyish words . . .
Tender and gay . . . "That time in Spring we played
Like happy children . . . I can hear the birds . . .
And see the ruddy sunlight. Here, in War's Hell,
I've not forgotten Heaven. I have made
Of Memory a Shield . . . Dear, I am well . . . . .
And, Littlest. . . . . Do not be afraid . . . . .

"Tomorrow we attack . . . . I cannot wait
To see our khaki legions, singing, go
The brave, red Way to Victory, elate . . . . .
And what can harm me while you love me so . . . ?
They cannot send a bullet which can kill
Or forge a bayonet that can reach my heart . . . . .
Not with your white arms close about me still . . . . .
Goodnight . . . God keep you while we are apart . . ."

* * * * *

And I had thought myself immune to pain!
And I had thought all Sense dumb at the core!
But this! . . . . . to feel the dear Dead die again!
And pulseless fingers pluck mute chords once more!
From this blurred sheet which long had wandered so, . . .
Come home to me at last . . . ! With what strange pride
The tears fall now! It is so sweet to know
How sure he was of Love before he died!

THE WINGS OF TO-MORROW

The Airplane's New Position in Commercial Life

By WILLARD HART SMITH

A MILE in the air, the passenger looked down. He saw rimmed in the floor, between his feet, a thick glass which brought remote objects very close, a monstrous magnifier, the window of the Aerial Express, a Cyclopean orb from which nothing on earth below could hide. He saw, as if a vast panorama were unrolling beneath him, the countryside in all the magic detail of substance and color that beautifies the terrain, viewed from the upper altitudes.

This variegated picture of earth slipping away beneath the wings of the great plane that was bearing him and its load of passengers from Chicago to St. Louis was always a novelty to him; he never wearied of it. As he gazed through the telescopic window of the airplane, the porthole of the sky ship, he rejoiced in that strange exuberance which delights those who travel the lanes of the air; that feeling which, if you never have experienced it, you cannot sense—an exhilaration as if one were a superman apart from the crowd and looking down on it in a mood aloof.

As the big passenger plane raced toward St. Louis, its propellers gleaming where the sunlight caught them, silver scimiters hacking the air—as the plane drove on through space, the miles whistling through the wings faster than two to the minute, the passenger thought how tiny things of the earth looked. And then, with a sensation of having peered into a crystal globe in a divining way, so quickly did the hint of the approaching suburbs visualize in the form of the actual city, he saw that they were over St. Louis.

A tiny thing from up there—a silver thread that was the

Mississippi, a black line that was the Eads Bridge, absurd little houses, streets criss-crossing, white ribbons cast down by some infinite hand. Held by the mood with which the high air bewitches one, he thought of it as a toy city—toy houses, toy trees, toy people—as if spilled out of a child's Noah's Ark. From the passenger plane the city was a nursery floor.

SOON YOU WILL BE TAKING THE AERIAL EXPRESS

THE extreme comfort of the Aerial Express increased this pleasantly superior feeling, this playing at being Mercury. The passenger felt not a jar of any kind, no discomforts of wind or cold, for the traveler's compartment of the aeroplane was built like a limousine, cushioned and agreeably warm.

In a moment the great plane soared over the landing field. Its prow dipped down. The glide to earth began.

And from out of the clouds, from Cincinnati, Denver, Atlanta, New Orleans and Galveston, specks could be seen against the blue, specks that looked as if someone had penciled the sign "equals" against the sky, tiny parallel lines which swiftly leaped into the form of aeroplanes. From all points of the compass they came, dropping out of the clouds, the Aerial Expresses which some years before had relegated railroad travel to follow the stage-coach period. And not only were the aerial passenger expresses descending into St. Louis, but throughout the land, over every great city, there was the whirring of motors and the stiff gesturing of wings as passenger planes by the score swarmed down to earth. For the day of aerial transportation had become a commonplace fact.

An exaggeration? Seriously, no. Glenn Curtiss says the day of aerial passenger lines is not far off. So does Orville Wright. Why not? Do you know that a Curtiss seaplane the other day carried fifty passengers? Do you know that one of the giant planes that the British built for the bombing of Berlin flew over London last month with forty passengers aboard? Do you know that the official committee

organized by the British Government under Viscount Northcliffe to report on the immediate use of aircraft for civil purposes, a committee composed of hard-headed English business men, mechanical experts and public spirited citizens like H. G. Wells, went on record as saying, "*None of the sixty members of the Committee expressed any doubt that within a few years passenger lines would be running to all parts of the world.*"

Have you thought how commonplace is becoming the flight of great distances from city to city. One day in December of last year two men in Dayton, Ohio, wanted to go to the theatre. One was Kettering, the other Rinehart. There being that week in Dayton no play that Kettering was particularly keen about seeing, he picked up a telephone. "Long distance; New York, please." It was a little after 10 in the morning when he got the theatre on the wire. "Two aisle seats for to-night's performance, middle of the house. * * * Is that the best you can do for me? All right; hold them please. I'll call sometime this afternoon." And then his friend Rinehart, the aviator, suggested that they make a dinner engagement as well. "Fine! A little run over there will do us both good."

VIA THE AIRLINE FROM DAYTON TO NEW YORK

NOW, by air from Dayton, Ohio, to New York City it is 550 miles. The railroad makes it in about seventeen hours—good trains, fast trains, but really quite too slow for men who have gone down the vistas of the skies. One hour after Kettering telephoned New York he climbed into a trim plane, its Liberty motor holding in the leash the pull of 400 horses. Rinehart took a seat beside him. A mere move of the hand and the great motor purred, the humming propellers hacked the air into shreds, and they were off for New York.

Exactly four hours and ten minutes later there nested at Mineola, just across the East River from New York City, the visitors from Dayton. In time for their dinner and theatre engagement? Yes, in time for tea, too! *Along the air-*

ways of the sky they had made the trip, 550 *miles, in less than one-quarter of the time the fastest railroad train could have taken them.* They said they had enjoyed it; had been quite comfortable; that they had enough " gas " left to return to Dayton without refilling, and that on the morrow they intended flying to Washington—which they did.

Flights like that, which are becoming quite commonplace, urge one to try and discern definite things in the mists of to-morrow. Thinking upon this—that two men in Ohio impulsively made a dinner date by telephone, took the air route to New York, and kept it—one wonders * * *

It is to-morrow. Around the carefully polished table, reserved for conferences in a New York skyscraper suite, four American business men seem to be directing all their persuasiveness upon a gentleman who sits quietly listening. One knows he is a Continental because he has kept this business engagement attired in cutaway and top hat. Also, he is a very rich European, an intense admirer of American inventive genius and " push." He is progressive, but conservative. Which is why, it seems, the project of the Americans is doomed for failure.

Yes, the European is extremely interested in the new invention, more efficient than any of the implements of the sort now on the market. And their blueprints of the invention and their descriptions are quite convincing, but before signing a contract for his country he must see the machine itself. The Americans exchange worried looks. One glances at his watch. " It was shipped five days ago from our factory in Cleveland. It should arrive any moment." But another whispers, " His steamer sails in seven hours." A third leaves the room and busies himself with the long-distance telephone. And while his colleagues are beating the air with words this person settles things then and there. " Sir," he presently says to the European capitalist, " your steamer sails in seven hours. In five hours our model will be delivered at this office for your inspection."

" You heard from the railroad? " a partner asks.

" Railroad? We want this on time. It is coming by

aeroplane." And through the air it comes on time and the deal is saved.

WHAT EUROPE IS DOING WITH HER PLANES

FAR fetched? Look ahead. *Do you know that the other day an aeroplane carried a piano from London to Paris!* One wonders if America is awake to what the plane can do; if the mind of the business man, obsessed by the transition from peace to war, has had a chance to think what the development of the airplane, the airplane as it is to-day, without any improvements, means to him *commercially,* means in a hard-headed way to his business? Awake America! The other nations are awake. Great Britain, France, Scandinavia, and what is left of Germany—they are at work *now, to-day,* harnessing the astonishing aero navigation facilities that the necessities of war endowed them with to the utilities of peace.

Do you know that with the signing of the armistice the British Government's Civil Aerial Transportation Committee investigated the *commercial possibilities of the air?* And that it had already made its report and made it favorably. Do you know that in Malmo, Sweden, an air transport company has been formed and will soon operate with Germany, Denmark and Finland? Do you know that there is already in existence an air passenger service between London and Paris, operating on a regular schedule, at $75 the trip, which takes only two and a half hours to make, and in two months has carried 1,200 passengers across the Channel? Do you know that in Italy there is an airway between the industrial centres of Turin and Milan, between Milan and Rome, and that for every twelve miles of these routes there is a landing field? Do you know that in London there has been incorporated the Anglo-American Aerial Service, Ltd., "to establish lines of aerial conveyance between Britain, America, Canada, Central and South America?"

Do you know that Germany has planned and is all equipped to operate, once peace is signed, a complete aerial

traffic system for Central Europe? Do you realize that while with our aerial mail we have made big strides, that little Greece has also an air mail service in operation from Athens to Salonika, and from the capital to Janina? Have you heard that France is getting ready to put into operation under Government auspices twenty aerial lines from Paris to all cities of her country?

What does all this transportation by air mean to you and to me? It means a speeding-up of your life and my life. We cannot and do not want to keep aloof from anything which Evolution offers us to make life easier, happier and more profitable. Aeroplanes have been built to carry fifty passengers. A Curtiss No. 1 seaplane only the other day at Rockaway, near New York, successfully carried that enormous weight. It is only a question of the day when it will be profitable to build a plane carrying a hundred passengers; and it is technically possible to build that large to-day. From an engineering viewpoint all transportation problems can be solved. How long must we wait before public demand awakens and puts these marvelous things at our disposal?

WHAT AVIATION MEANS TO YOU

IN the sound judgment of hard-headed American business men who are putting their money into aircraft production it is only a few years when passenger routes will be established and business men will form the habit of using aircraft for urgent errands. The day is not far off when a man will fly 500 miles to see a customer and return home by the airways the same evening. With engineers to-day solving the problem to control the speed of the plane, to throttle it down, with landing places already being built and being boomed, there is no reason why the use of the airplane should not become general. And by wide use its cost is going to be spread over all the population just as the cost of the railroads were spread, thus minimizing the question of expense.

What does it mean to you that the airplane be perfected thus? Think of a dear one desperately ill. Only a specialist

can save her. The specialist is in a city far off; neither train nor automobile can bring him to the bedside in time. Only the airplane can do that. *And a physician did answer a hurry call by traveling the lanes of the air; and did reach a home to save a child's life, near Hammondsport, N. Y., not long ago.*

And does your mother live far away, and do things happen to be such that the dictates of business relentlessly keep you at your desk save for a brief vacation, too brief to make the trip to her home? *To eat his Thanksgiving dinner with his mother in Schenectady, N. Y., Lieut. Lucas flew there from Washington.*

Are you a business man and wish to rush a sample to a customer in a far-off city? The aeroplane will take it for you. Are you a farmer with a great threshing machine and laborers by the score in your fields gathering the harvest? A part in the thresher breaks. The factory is 200 miles away. You must quickly obtain that part, otherwise your men will be idle, your harvest may be spoiled. The railroad cannot ship you the part quickly enough. But why worry if it is an up-to-date factory that makes the harvester you use. You have but to telephone to it and the precious part can be raced to your fields by airplane. Or if you are a particularly progressive farmer, you own a little plane yourself and can send for it.

Think of the use of the aeroplane in snowbound sections of the country, isolated for weeks by heavy falls; railroads, automobiles, horse traffic all hopeless. But snowbound sections are easily accessible to aeroplanes. Snow did not stop the operations of aircraft during the war, even in Russia, in the Balkans, in the Alps, regions winter inevitably isolates.

USES FOR THE PLANE OF TO-MORROW

MILE by mile the radius of aeroplane activity has been extended. First 150 miles, then in century jumps to 900, and quite recently to 1,500 miles. Only the other month a plane flew from England to India. In January four flyers crossed the American continent. Distances are being swept

back. Scores of new uses for the plane are being discerned. Captain Bartlett says he is going to take an airplane to the North Pole with him next summer, and from the sky photograph and explore a million square miles of that white unknown. And there is no reason why he should fail. It is not as difficult as flying over the German lines and minutely exploring the terrain for concealed gun emplacements and camouflaged dugouts.

Project your vision toward the day when planes will carry succor to famine or serum to disease infested districts. Think of pests spreading to destroy our great crops and of the airplane, bringing to every farmhouse the word of the best means just discovered to rid their lands of the pestilence. See in your mind's eye air patrols sailing over our great forests, "spotting" the faint early glimmer of a bush afire, flashing the alarm and the exact location by wireless to the firefighting stations before the blaze has spread into a disaster to our forests. Look ahead to the day when the quest for rare woods and rubber will be pushed. For no one imagines that the present supply is the only one in existence. The hardships of penetrating great tropical forests you know. But what becomes of the hardships of prospecting for rubber and mahogany when it is done from a plane sailing over the tree tops? For rubber and rare trees can be "spotted" from the sky, just as in the war, hidden machine guns were.

Think of the aid that could be given our great fishing fleets. For, just as a plane can "spot" a submarine, so can it "spot" a shoal of fish. Picture a fishing fleet receiving word by wireless from its scout plane the extent, location and direction taken by a great shoal of fish—and what this would mean in dollars and cents, in larger "catches." Think of the high power transcontinental transmission lines now patrolled by automobile and by horse, and how easier it would be with aeroplanes.

Is the day far off when the injured in a disaster, a train wreck, a mine explosion, a great factory fire, will be whisked to hospitals in the nearest cities by airplanes? The comfort to the patient of the slight, steady vibration of the motor

softened by the mattress on which he rests is not to be compared to the bumps and jolts that come even in the best motor ambulance. Do you know that France used airplane ambulances during the war to bring serious cases back to the base hospitals?

Now in the mountain fastnesses of the continents of the world there are treasures of unmined coal, iron, gold, silver, rarer minerals, locked up. Because of nature's barriers, it takes days of circuitous travel, days of hardship to man and beast, uncertainties of supplies of machinery, food and medicine, to reach these mines. So they are but slightly developed and others not developed at all. With the aeroplane it is but an hour's trip over the mountain tops and down into the valleys to bring the supplies so necessary to mining and to life. When airplanes are harnessed to this work, there will be released untold millions in wealth.

WHAT THE CAPTAINS OF AIR INDUSTRY SAY

YES, the day is not far off when the planes will make life more worth living for you and for me. Already in the depths of the public mind certain thoughts are stirring. One hears every now and then questions asked: What chance has the average man of owning and operating an aeroplane? What, on account of the landing problem, will be the limitations on private ownership? Is the time near at hand when the Tired Business Man will take a spin in his plane as he now does in his auto? Are commercial passenger air-plane lines between cities really practical? How many passengers can a plane be expected to carry? What about commercial freight routes for light packages?

Is the aeroplane of today 100 *per cent safe?*

Let the successful men of the aircraft industry answer:

Can the average man own an aeroplane? Charles H. Day, Chief Engineer of the Standard Aircraft Corporation, says:

" Already we have planes that are so small that they

can be stowed away in a place little bigger than the average private garage. A machine of this kind with a slow landing speed such as seems ultimately assured will some day make Henry Ford sit up and take notice—for the sky flivver will be no more expensive to operate than its earthly brother."

Can the average man operate an aeroplane, is youth necessary? To which Captain Francis, one of the pioneer aviators of the U. S. Army, replies:

"A man can make a good pilot up to the age of forty or forty-five. The average intelligent person who is capable of steering an automobile through the streets of a large city can certainly pilot a plane. Lieutenant Godfrey Cabot of the Naval Reserve *took up flying after he was fifty and has become one of our most successful flyers."*

Will the landing problem limit private ownership? Orville Wright says, "When landing places are once provided, flying will become common, not only for sport, but for commercial purposes as well."

The landing field problem now seems to be nearing a solution through the extension of the Government mail service. Already landing fields are in existence in the principal Eastern and Middle Western cities and now the Aero Club of America has under way a propaganda to urge golf and country yacht clubs to build landings. The results of this campaign are already to be seen in work now being done within a radius of 100 miles of New York City. The clubs are responding, not only in the East, but in the Middle West.

Is the time near at hand when the Tired Business Man will take a spin in his plane the same as he now does in his auto? John North Willys says:

"Will the aeroplane ever rival the automobile? As to its ability to save time, make speed, etc., I would say it has already outrivalled the automobile. As to numbers—it will never be in as common use as the automobile. I do not look for the aeroplane to become the plaything and 'draft horse,' so to speak, of the masses, for the reason, among other things, the price, more difficult to operate and handle, greater skill

and knowledge required of the pilot, landing places necessarily limited, etc. I do not mean to convey the impression that aeroplanes will not some time be constructed so as to sell at much lower prices than at which they are now obtainable, but, in my opinion, safe and durable aeroplanes will never sell at prices such as prevail for some of the popular low-priced automobiles now in the market."

"The aeroplane has 'arrived,'" continues Mr. Willys, "as a practically safe vehicle in the hands of a trained pilot, who exercises reasonable care and the plane is used for straight flying. Most accidents are the result of carelessness, stunt flying and flying at low altitudes, which do not permit of safe landing in case of accidents to the power plant. I look for the development of practical safety devices to be used in connection with aeroplanes that will bring the number of casualties from flying to a lower percentage than in the use of automobiles. To the extent I have already indicated, cost will to some degree interfere with the use of the aeroplane as a common carrier for a few passengers, but for the carrying of from 25 to 50 or more, I would say not. *I should think a flying boat, capable of carrying* 50 *people, after it has passed the experimental and development stage is capable of being built in quantities of* 50 *or more, as cheaply as a first-class railroad passenger car.*"

INTERCITY AIR TRAFFIC

ARE commercial air-lines between cities really practical? Senator Charles S. Thomas, Chairman Senate Committee on Coast Defences, says that "within the next five years aerial transportation of passengers and merchandise will have been practically demonstrated and firmly established."

Is the airplane today entirely safe? To which Glen H. Curtiss says: "As truly as the airplane in war has largely superseded the use of cavalry, so today can it eclipse the automobile, the train and the steamship. It is 100 per cent safe."

Serious thought is being given to the transportation

problem. Improvements in aircraft construction made during the war have equipped the American manufacturers to build today, if needed, new types perfectly adapted for passenger traffic. The Curtiss No. 1 flying boat, for example, has already shown itself able to lift an enormous dead weight in passengers. Indeed, as Curtiss says, " The larger type airplanes now in use, some capable of carrying loads of ten thousand pounds in excess of their own weight, seems to be but a modest criterion of the tonnage we may soon transport through this newly conquered element, the air."

There is every reason why this should soon come, for the airplane is safe. Aerial mail service has been carried on without serious interruption. The Post Office Department has mapped out air-routes to cover the entire country. This is not a dream. These routes have been printed in map form, and distributed by the Federal Government for actual use. Rear Admiral Robert E. Peary has just completed the first American Aero-Bluebook. You know the Bluebook for automobile tourists? This new Bluebook is for tourists of the air. It gives five transcontinental and two coastal airways. These routes have been determined upon after experimental flights, and all the possible airplanes of the United States are today being chartered, and their landing places photographed from the sky by army flyers.

Do you know these flyers are soaring over the country today, East and West under orders to photograph landing places, and to make maps from the sky? Do you know that they are also under orders to give exhibitions at each city and town where they stop, to describe the aeroplanes and the engines to the inhabitants? Theirs is a mission to take the mystery out of flying. Do you know that a route has already been mapped by five army planes flying from San Diego, California, to El Paso, Texas, thence to New Orleans, Montgomery, to Americus, Georgia. The entire Middle West region, as well as the East, is being charted today. By Spring the work of locating the landing fields, and mapping the air routes will be extended to the North-West. The army air service today is doing what the cavalry

used to do—which was riding the country, locating the best roads, fords and bridges.

The thousands of American aviators, who have just come back from flying in England, France and Italy, all say that our country offers the best flying course in the world. In overpopulated Europe the areas for flying are relatively restricted. The number of landing fields is limited, yet Europe is going right ahead developing the commercial possibilities of the aeroplane. The terrain of the United States offers great stretches of space, wide areas, chains of landing fields, linking cities in all directions. We have advantages that Europe has not, and we are still thinking about forming our transportation companies, while even a little country like Sweden has already formed hers.

Consider that four army flyers dropped out of the sky over New York early in January of this year, after having completed a journey from California through the air which took them *only thirty-three hours and forty-seven minutes actual flying time*. Think what this means! The significance of it is that by the air route New York is two days from London, or three and one half days from Bagdad!

Aerial mail, freight, passenger lines. Aerial patroling, exploring, prospecting, fire-fighting, surveying, life-saving, these are some of the things that will come on The Wings of To-morrow. Curtiss, Wright, Willys, the British Government, the countries of Europe, all see these things. They are there behind the curtain, and slowly it is being lifted upon aerial transportation an accomplished fact.

EDITOR'S NOTE

In the second article Mr. Smith will treat of the latest aspects and improvements in the aeroplane and its commercial possibilities, as forecast by those who are working out the problems in America.

THE FOOD FUTURE

What Every American Mouthful Means to Europe

By HERBERT C. HOOVER

THE demands that the world will make upon the United States for food will change in character but not in volume. We must now take an account of the whole food resources of the world and we must take an account of the total demands. We must consider our national duty in the matter and we must make such changes in our policies as are fitting to the new situation. We have thus a new orientation of the whole food problem and it is an orientation that affects every one of the great groups of our commodities in a different manner.

It has been part of the duty of the Food Administration to keep informed as to the situation in world supplies. Calculations of this sort are vitally necessary if we are to intelligently guide the policies in the United States. The world's balance sheet in the different great groups of commodities:

Wheat and rye—sufficient supplies with economy in consumption.

Beans, peas and rice—sufficient supplies with economy in consumption.

Beef—sufficient supplies to load all refrigeratory ships' capacity.

Sugar—sufficient supplies for our normal consumption if other nations retain their present short rations—a shortage if they increase their rations.

Coffee—a surplus.

High protein foods (for dairy animals) — a world shortage of about three million tons.

Other foods—sufficient supplies with economy in consumption.

Pork products, dairy products and vegetable oils—a shortage of about 3,000,000,000 pounds.

Of all these foods, except possibly protein foods, we have a sufficiency for our own people and in many of them large surpluses. Of the world total to produce the above results, we are estimating North America will furnish more than 60 per cent, and that the United States, including the West Indies, will be in a position to furnish a total of about 20,000,000 tons of food of all kinds for export, against our pre-European war export of, say, 6,000,000 tons.

In the matter of wheat and rye, the large supplies that have accumulated in the Argentine, Australia and other inaccessible markets appear to us to supplement the stores of clear wheat bread for the world. Here directly arises a change in our policies, for we are able from now on to abandon the use of substitutes in our wheat loaf. The world's supply of wheat at this juncture is a priceless blessing, for while bread comprises about 25 per cent of our national diet, the food of Europe is over 50 per cent sheer bread.

WHY THE WORLD IS SHORT OF FATS

WE can export, together with other surplus countries, an apparent sufficiency of the coarse grains for feeding purposes; that is, of oats, barley and corn. On the other hand, there is a world shortage of high protein foods, that is, the wheat food, the seed and bean meals, upon which the dairy production of the world and particularly of Europe so considerably depends. This shortage extends to the United States and in our case is due largely to the necessary diversion of cotton-seed meal to use as fertilizers and, to some degree, to our shortage in wheat mill-food due to our hitherto reduced use of wheat flour. This latter will be somewhat corrected by the elimination of substitutes in our bread. Thus the change in world conditions should somewhat ameliorate our dairy food situation.

The shortage in protein foods directly contributes to the world's shortage in the supply of fats. This world fat short-

age is due primarily to the fact that Europe has been steadily under-feeding its dairy herd, has made steady inroads into its herd of hogs during the war, and to the fact that there has been a great degeneration in the production of vegetable oils in certain regions, owing to the inability to secure shipping. Of our export possibilities in fats, the largest item is pork products. We have reasonable promises of ability through increased production and conservation to export seven times as much products as our pre-war average. We are estimating with economy the export possibilities of the United States in all these products of over four billion pounds. Yet with all our supplies the world will be far deficient in its normal supply of fats for two or three years at least. Our internal policy with regard to this group of commodities must therefore be one towards intense economy of consumption if we are to carry out our high purpose of furnishing food to a famine-stricken world. On the other hand the shortage in our supply of dairy products is today so acute that we are compelled to now limit the export of this product. Dairy products are vital to the protection of child life throughout the world and we should immediately reduce our unnecessarily large consumption of butter and condensed milk.

It is very difficult to forecast with any degree of accuracy the position in sugar. Our assured supplies under the purchases we have made are the largest per capita in the world. This is not greediness, for we have throughout the war asked our allies to supply themselves first and we would do with the remainder. They have sacrificed sugar to provide ships for other purposes. If we assume that Europe will continue on present rations, then the world supplies, now enlarged by rendering Java sugar available, are sufficient to provide our entire normal consumption. If Europe raises its ration very considerably, there will be a shortage.

HOW OUR SUGAR SUPPLY IS PROTECTED

THE Food Administration has protected the fundamental supply to the American people by purchasing, in conjunction with the Allies, the next Cuban sugar crop. We

have made such arrangements with the various refiners in the United States and with the producers as will assure a price of nine cents a pound wholesale for sugar during the next twelve months. This compares with from twelve to twenty cents a pound in the other sugar-importing countries.

As the result of these arrangements and the fact that Eastern sugars will be available, we shall need little or perhaps no restraint on consumption after the new Cuban crop is ready, unless, as I have said, the other governments in the world decide to considerably increase their present rations. I do not think our people would want us to maintain an extravagant and luxurious use of sugar in soft drinks and confectionery when there was an actual hardship for the necessary sugar for household use in other countries. With the present world outlook, we are taking steps to relax the restrictions which it was necessary for us to impose on consumption when we based the outlook for the whole of Allied supplies directly on North American sugar alone. Here again we must be guided from time to time by the world situation, but we have no desire for conservation sheerly for conservation's sake.

Another prime necessity in the United States is that of coffee. Our computations of the world's coffee supplies indicate to us that there is more than a sufficiency to carry the world during the next twelve months on any basis of likely demand. Sooner or later the speculation in some foreign countries over coffee, on the theory that there would be world shortage on peace, will receive a rude shock.

AMERICA ENTERS A NEW ECONOMIC ERA

WITH the war effectively over we enter a new economic era and its immediate effect on prices is difficult to anticipate. The maintenance of the embargo will prevent depletion of our stocks by hungry Europe to any point below our necessities and anyone who contemplates speculation in food against the needs of these people can well be warned of

the prompt action of the Government. The prices of some food commodities may increase, but others will decrease, because with liberated shipping accumulated stocks in the Southern hemisphere and the Far East will be available.

The currents which affect food prices in the United States are much less controlled than in the other countries at war. The powers of the Food Administration in these matters extend:

First, to the control of profits by manufacturers, wholesalers and dealers, and the control of speculation in foodstuffs. They do not extend to the control of the great majority of retailers, to public eating places, or the farmer, except so far as this can be accomplished on a voluntary basis.

Second, the controlled buying for the Allied civil populations and armies, the neutrals and the American army and navy, dominates the market in certain commodities at all times, and in other commodities part of the time. In these cases it is possible to effect, in co-operation with producers and manufacturers, a certain amount of stability in price. I have never favored attempts to fix maximum prices by law; the universal history of these devices in Europe has been that they worked against the true interests of both producer and consumer.

All indexes show an increase in farmers' prices and a decrease in wholesale price of food during the year ending July 1, 1918. In other words, a great reduction took place in middlemen's charges, amounting to between 15 per cent and 30 per cent depending upon the basis of calculation adopted. These decreases have come out of the elimination of speculation and profiteering.

Since the spring quarter, ending July 1, 1918, there has been a rise in prices. In October, 1918, the Food Administration retail price reports show that the retail cost of the same quantity of the twenty-four principal foodstuffs was $7.58, against an average of $6.55 for the spring quarter, 1918, or a rise of about 18 per cent.

WHY OUR FOOD PRICES ARE HIGH

SINCE the first of July, 1918, many economic forces have caused a situation adverse to the consumer. There has been a steady increase in wages, a steady increase in cost of the materials which go into food production and manufacture, and in containers and supplies of all kinds. There has been an increase of 25 per cent in freight rates. The rents of the country are increasing and therefore costs of manufacturing, distribution and transportation are steadily increasing and should inevitably affect prices.

The public should distinguish between a rise in prices and profiteering, for with increasing prices to the farmer—who is himself paying higher wages and cost—and with higher wages and transport prices simply must rise.

An example of what this may come to can be shown in the matter of flour. The increased cost of transportation from the wheat-producing regions to New York City amounts to about forty cents per barrel. The increased cost of cotton bags during the last fourteen months amounts to thirty cents per barrel of flour. The increase in wholesalers' cost of drayage, rents, etc., amounts to ten cents, or a total of eighty cents without including the increased costs of the miller or retailer.

Such changes do not come under the category of profiteering. They are the necessary changes involved by the economic differences in the situation. We cannot "have our cake and eat it." *In other words, we cannot raise wages, railway rates, expand our credits and currency, and hope to maintain the same level of prices of foods.* All that the Food Administration can do is to see as far as is humanly possible that these alterations take place without speculation or profiteering and that such readjustments are conducted in an orderly manner. Even though it were in the power of the Food Administration to repress prices, the effect of maintaining the same price level in the face of such increases in costs and manufacture, transportation and distribution,

would be to ultimately curtail production itself. *We are in a period of inflation and we cannot avoid the results.*

HOW PROFITEERING IS CURBED

WE have had a large measure of voluntary co-operation both from producers, manufacturers and wholesalers, in suppression of profiteering and speculation. There are cases that have required stern measures and some millions of dollars have been refunded in one way or another to the public. The number of firms penalized is proportionately not large to the total firms engaged. In the matter of voluntary control of retailers we have had more difficulty, but in the publication weekly in every town in the country of " fair prices " based upon wholesale costs and type of service, there has been a considerable check made upon overcharges.

When we entered upon this work eighteen months ago our trades were rampant with speculation and profiteering. This grew mainly from the utterly insensate raids of Europe on our commodities. I look now for a turn of American food trades towards conservative and safe business because in this period that confronts us, with the decreased buying power of our own people, of uncertainty as to the progress of the world's politics, with the Government control of imports and exports, he would be a foolish man indeed who today started a speculation in food. This is a complete reversal of the commercial atmosphere that existed when the war began eighteen months ago, and therefore the major necessity for law in repression of speculative activities is, to my mind, rapidly passing. It is our duty, however, to exert ourselves in every direction to so handle our food during reconstruction as to protect our producers and our consumers and to assure our trades from chaos and panic.

While the expiration of the Lever Law can be faced without anxiety, the other functions of Food Administration must continue. Some organization must be continued or some organization must be set up to guide our distribution

of food abroad, if it shall reach the most deserving and the most necessitous. This implies a large knowledge of European and foreign conditions and can only be founded on continued expansive organization. The vast purchases for export are now all in the hands of governments, many of them acting in common, and their powers in buying could, if misused, ruin our producers, or, alternatively, do infinite harm to our consumers. An utter chaos of speculation and profiteering would reign if these buyers were not co-ordinated and controlled.

THE CANCER IN THE WORLD'S VITALS

SOMEONE must co-ordinate the internal transportation of these large exports with our domestic distribution if we are not to entangle our domestic supplies and are to have effective handling in our ports. Someone must co-operate with the Shipping Board in the provision of overseas tonnage. Someone must organize our own needed imports of sugar, coffee and vegetable oils. Someone must stimulate and guide our people in their desire to help in this war against famine. It is in these directions that the future of some kind of Food Administration lies. An organization is now called upon to fight against famine.

If we value our own safety and the social organization of the world, if we value the preservation of civilization itself, we cannot sit idly by and see the growth of this cancer in the world's vitals. Famine is the mother of anarchy. From the inability of governments to secure food for their people, grows revolution and chaos. From an ability to supply their people, grows stability of government and the defeat of anarchy. Did we put it on no higher plane than our interests in the protection of our institutions, we must bestir ourselves in solution of this problem. There are millions of people now liberated from the German yoke for whose interests we have fought and bled for the last eighteen months. We dare not neglect any measure which enables

them to return to health, to self-support and to their national life. This is the broad outlook of some kind of Food Administration during the next twelve months.

AMBITION

By LEONIE DAVIS COLLISTER

AMBITION drew the edges of his life
So close about his heart,
No alien thought could cross
That zone of hope.
But one day from the cloister of his dreams
He saw the silver of a winter frost,
Far up the wind he heard
A lost love's voice.
He wrote his scrawl
Within the musty book of life
And folded it against the April
Of the year.
Now only droning pedants read his word,
He left no message for the soul
To hear.

OUR DUTY ABROAD AND AT HOME

A Practical Suggestion and a Plea for Soul Exaltation

By HON. HENRY MORGENTHAU
[EX-MINISTER TO TURKEY]

PROBABLY no nation has ever reached so splendid a position in history as that which is held by the United States at the present moment. Certainly no nation ever has had the opportunity which we have now, for generous and enlightened service to mankind. The outlook is so wonderful that it arouses emotions of awe; and it also suggests doubts as to whether we shall rise to our opportunities. The duty that faces us as a nation calls for the finest idealism and the most complete self-sacrifice. Are we to show the world that we possess these qualities, or are we to sink back into the materialism that so many observers have described most mistakenly, I think, as the predominant quality in the American character?

The United States emerges from this war infinitely richer and stronger than before. The mere fact that we have laid the foundations of what will undoubtedly become, in two or three years, the world's greatest mercantile fleet, means an addition to our national wealth that is almost incalculable. Three years ago we had many enemies among the nations. Now there is hardly a part of the world where we are not loved and admired, and this changed attitude will have the utmost influence in stimulating the enormous foreign trade that will follow the signing of peace. In a comparatively short time, the large sums of the Liberty Loans will disappear from the debit sheet. While the loss of 56,000 American lives is a terrible thing, for which Americans will never cease to mourn, from purely economic considerations it is not important. In statesmanship our President is the

acknowledged leader of the world, and, in all the processes of civilization, Europe and Asia will look to us for guidance.

SUFFERING FROM A SIMILAR MALADY THAT BROUGHT GERMANY TO DESTRUCTION

I AM not rehearsing these facts in any boasting spirit. My purpose is precisely the opposite. I wish to emphasize that the spirit that should possess us at this present moment is not one of triumph or self-love, but rather that of Kipling's "Recessional." For great have been our achievements, and so completely have the events of the last four years recalled to us our mighty power and resources that the greatest danger is, that we shall relapse into materialism. What the American character needs most at this moment is the development of the spirit of self-sacrifice and the realization of the grave responsibility of leadership. In a sense we suffer from the same trouble that brought Germany to destruction; there is something wrong with our general mental attitude toward life and its responsibilities.

In our war with Germany, we recognized that we could not bring permanent peace until we had made a beginning in untangling the twisted German mind, in restoring the German people from mental sickness to mental health, in helping them to see life in its real proportions and to look upon their international duties from the standpoint of their neighbors.

But Germany is not the only nation whose mental attitude needs to be changed. The American people might likewise begin their new career by modifying their outlook. It is well that we admit at once that we are too materialistic, too vainglorious, too much inclined to chase the great god Success and altogether too ready to set a cash value on our recent achievements in war. Perhaps the most noticeable effect of the armistice was an immediate spurt in business. Our thoughts shifted almost at once from the devastated fields of France to our factories, our mines, our banks, and our trade. Almost overnight the emotions aroused by the

German menace seemed to vanish. We heaved a sigh that the world had been saved for Democracy, and showed our eagerness to resume the real business of life which the Kaiser's ghastly experiment had interrupted. Is it not significant that the attempt to raise $170,500,000 for the great War Fund was much less successful than the previous drives?

We are not now fighting for our lives and for our institutions. These are safe for at least a hundred years—probably for all time—if the American race proves that in prosperity she retains the same attributes of altruism and devotion to justice that she has shown in the dark days of doubt we have just passed through.

THE PICTURE THAT CONFRONTS US

THE world has been saved from destruction, but it has not been saved from almost infinite misery. There is hardly any part of Europe and hardly any part of Asia that is not facing a long and weary process of regeneration. Our magazines and newspapers have pictured devastated France and Belgium. War has brought to Russia no greater agonies than those from which she is now suffering in peace. Great areas of Poland have been destroyed and must be rebuilt. Serbia is a nation whose cities have been leveled, whose farms have been destroyed, and the larger part of whose men and boys have been killed. Misery and starvation stalk through the former Austro-Hungarian Empire. Turkey has lost at least a quarter of its population in the last four years—massacre, starvation and war have made the whole Ottoman Empire an empty shell. As we go into Asia we find that demoralization and misery have become the normal facts of life. Even such proud and upstanding nations as England, France and Italy will need assistance.

The whole world has thus become almost a desert, whose one great oasis of prosperity and happiness is the United States. It was Emerson who said that "America represented God's last attempt to save mankind." The position

which we occupy today, indeed, seems almost an evidence of providential foresight. This nation has been preserved and made great, I think, in preparation for the very contingency that now faces mankind. Practically anything that the world needs lies abundantly in America's lap at this present moment.

The world wants food—and here, Herbert Hoover tells us, is food enough to supply Europe's needs as well as our own. It wants agricultural implements to make its farms productive—and America is the country which has invented these implements and can provide them in inexhaustible quantities. It wants ships—and we shall build eleven million tons this year, more than one-half as many as England's whole fleet when the war began. It wants money—and there seems to be no limit to the amount which we can furnish, or, its effective substitute, credit. But, and above all, it wants the help of a great, sympathetic American soul, a spirit of unselfishness and brotherhood. *Without* this all our material help will be insufficient. *With* it, we shall finally realize our historic place in the world and make a reality of Emerson's prophecy.

HOW IDEALISM MUST BE MADE PRACTICAL

HOW can we reduce all this idealism to concrete terms? In other words, what can we do for these distressed nations in a practical way? Fortunately, the United States has already given the world an example of unselfish humanitarian statesmanship. Twenty years ago we embarked upon certain experiments which aroused much cynicism in the Old World and much misgiving among our own people. We fought the war with Spain precisely as we have fought this war, for humanitarian purposes. Its outcome found us the guardian of Cuba and the Philippines, both countries backward in civilization. Yet America soon disproved all the criticism. We renovated and freed Cuba. In the Philippines we spent our energies and our money with no hope of profit beyond the satisfaction of having established a new

self-governing commonwealth and of having constructed a democracy out of material that at first seemed rather unsatisfactory. We shall complete this work when, at the appropriate time, we give these people their independence.

In our duty to the world today, we must consider that certain fundamentals underlie any civilization:

The people must be freed from disease.

They must have the opportunity and the tools to obtain their living from the soil.

They must have the means of communication—streets, highways, cars and railroads.

They must have decent living conditions.

They must have education—primary schools, colleges, even universities.

If all these facilities are made available to the masses of people, it inevitably follows that they advance in enlightenment, morals and civic consciousness. There is laid the groundwork for a self-reliant, successful democracy. I have in mind particularly the work that we shall be called upon to do in Russia, the Balkans and in the Ottoman Empire. While the peoples of these countries all have splendid histories and achievements and all have made great contributions to art, literature and general progress, yet they have all been held back and exploited for centuries by tyrannous autocracies. All lack the fundamentals of civilization, such as I have outlined.

LET THE AMERICAN ARMY REBUILD STRICKEN NATIONS

IN Russia the population is eighty per cent illiterate. Sanitation has been neglected. Agricultural methods are exceedingly primitive. Highways are few and far between. Railroads are most inadequate. The physical restoration of countries is something for which we, as a nation, have shown great ability; and we have before us a splendid opportunity to exercise that ability. We have the resources to finance these restorations on the gigantic scale which the occasion demands. Moreover, we have the man-power for this work,

and it is fortunately placed on European soil at this moment.

The work in Cuba and the Philippines was the work of the American army. Why can we not use the American army that is now in Europe as the driving force for this great work of rehabilitation? This army contains one of the finest sanitary corps in the world. For nearly two years it has kept the American boys free from typhoid, dysentery and the other diseases that in the past have destroyed more soldiers than powder and shell. We can hardly conceive the wonders that would ensue if these scientists were put to work among the civilian populations of Eastern Europe. This army has the engineers that can build the highways and railroads and restore the cities and villages that have been devastated. It is now becoming a great university, and so can carry the blessings of education into countries that now hardly know it. And, even perhaps more important than these material advantages, the United States can carry to those suffering lands the same idealistic and unselfish spirit that has made them so successful in Cuba and the Philippines.

AMERICANS NEED EXALTATION OF SOUL

THESE things we should do not only for the benefit of peoples more unfortunate than ourselves, but for the benefit of our own soul. In this way we can help repay the debt which we owe to our European brothers for the sacrifices they have made in the last four years. There is a tendency to grow bitter about Russia, but let us not forget that millions of unarmed Russians in 1914, 1915 and 1916 exposed their bare bodies to Prussian bullets, and that, had they not made this supreme sacrifice, the battle would have gone against the Western Powers and our present civilization would have been lost.

The part that Americans should play in the next few years is therefore plainly marked out. But for this we need more elevation of mind than is evident now. We need the crusading spirit, the national exaltation that will take us out of ourselves and make us willing to lay all that we have at the

feet of civilization. We could do this in war. Can we do it in peace? Millions of Americans differ in religion, but there is one religion in which we can all unite, and that is the Religion of Humanity.

IF AT THE LAST

By ARLINE HACKETT

WHAT tho' all else should fail,
In thee I have a love
Divine as that of which we both are part.
What matter if alone
I walk thru' all my days,
If at the last we meet, dear heart.

"DOUGHBOYS OF THE SEA"

Thrills and Laughs of the United States Destroyer Service

By DOUGHBOY

THE steamer *J. L. Luckenback* with a cargo for the supply of our forces was cleaving her way through the easy, oily swells of the Atlantic off the Brittany coast. The good ship was in command of an officer of the mercantile marine, but there were Navy jackies on board—Petty-Officer Bulger and his gun crews, handlers of the trim five-inchers that glowered from the *Luckenback's* stern and bow. No submarines had been sighted and the Captain was congratulating himself when—wheee-*oooee!* A shell sang overhead.

It came out of nowhere. It is uncanny, the song of the shell suddenly out of a calm sky. Petty-Officer Bulger scrambled up to the "crows' nest." Wheee-*oooee!* And to the smack of the shell a geyser of sea water spurted up on the starboard bow. Calmly Bulger swept the horizon with his binoculars. What was *that*—the speck on the rim of the sea? "Submarine!" he yelled. Gongs rang; bugles flared, "Battle Quarters." And thus began the combat between the steamer and the submarine.

Slowly the Hun closed, only enough of his ugly deck out of the water to permit the handling of his deck gun. Closer and closer the sub' came, firing frantically. Our Navy gunners blazed back, but the Hun had an easier target than they. In the gun-crews' quarters of the steamer a shell burst and set it afire; another tore into the gun aft. Seaman V. E. Louther was wounded three times but would not leave his post. High explosive rained down on the *Luckenback*. Horror stalked her decks. . . . But let the wireless tell the story.

At 8:05 the steamer's wireless flashed out this message:

"S. O. S. Lat. — Long. —. Am being gunned by submarine."

THE RESCUE

WAY off beyond the horizon somewhere it was picked up by an American destroyer which, swooping around, pointed her prow toward the zone of the call while her wireless sang: "*Am coming to your assistance.*" And as the destroyer rushed on under a forced draft, churning through the seas at thirty knots an hour, the wireless spoke on:

9:29 a. m. Aboard the *Luckenback.* "*We are maneuvering around.*"
9:38 "*Code book overboard now. How far are you?*"
9:39 (from the destroyer) "*Two hours south.*"
9:40 "*Shelling us now, look out for our boats.*"
9:41 "*Don't surrender.*"
9:42 "*Surrender? Never!*"
10:15 "*Still afloat and fighting. Sub is firing at our antennae.*"
10:52 "*If practicable, make smoke.*"
10:53 "*Still gunning us.*"
11:05 "*Course, south magnetic.*"

What a story those scant messages tell—the Naval code-book on the steamer thrown overboard as the situation becomes desperate—the appeal to the destroyer, racing up somewhere behind the rim of the sea—"*How far are you?*" —the Hun shells raking the ship—the Americans' fear that they will have to take to the boats and rafts before the destroyer comes up—but the grim will to hang on, "*Surrender? Never!*"

And as the destroyer tore on, it heard the boom of the guns. Impatiently the jackies at her guns waited for the first glimpse of the enemy. The telephone from the little fire control and the destroyer buzzed: "Oh, bo-oy!" And the destroyer's forward gun roared at a speck—that was the Hun—on the port bow. The next instant the entire gun-crew was hurled back by a wave which inundated the bow,

but scrambling to their feet, spitting salt water, the jackies ran back to their posts and fired again. The Hun disappeared and the steamer was saved.

SECRECY ENSHROUDED THEIR DARING ACTS

NOW similar happenings came scores of times to the men in the destroyer service. For it was their job to keep the Hun submarine from sending to the bottom the steady procession of ships that bore our troops and supplies to Europe. And how well they did it is self-evident. But how many folks know what they went through—the deeds of daring, the thrills and laughs of that wild game. Of the "doughboys" you have heard; but what of these "jackie-doughboys" on the destroyers? Secrecy has enshrouded their doings and only now, with peace, is it permitted to tell of their work.

Have you been on a destroyer? You know then that it is a lean, rakish craft, armed with light guns, torpedo tubes, depth-bombs and every manner of effective contrivance for hurling explosives into the lurking Hun beneath the sea. You know that it is two huge magnificently mounted turbine engines encased in a skin of steel—the hull. You know that these engines have the power of twenty-seven thousand horses and that they can drive the destroyer through the sea as fast as forty miles an hour. You know that a great ocean liner has no more powerful force for propulsion. And you can see that these destroyers cannot be turned out like emergency ships, that they require the most delicate and intricate workmanship; for they are the Navy's jewels and into their making goes the skill of a watchmaker.

Consider that a ship can roll 45 degrees, a quarter of the way over, and not capsize. Now consider that the destroyers are built so that they can take a roll of 107 degrees in safety! Which is to say that they can roll all the way over, and more too, and still not turn turtle, but right themselves. And think how these little craft must be so constructed that, no matter what the roll of the sea may be, only five and a

half seconds are consumed in the roll of the ship. Meaning, as a wave hits it it goes to one side, then erect, to the other side, then erect, all in five and a half seconds. In a gentle sea the motion is not so bad, but when the ocean rolls and the destroyer is going all the way down to the surface of the sea and back and down, and back again, all in five seconds—"Oh, lady!" as the jackies say.

You have heard, of course, how the destroyers raced over to England as soon as we entered the war and put themselves under the orders of a British Admiral and forthwith raced away from port to chase the Hun. Then our own Admiral Sims came and, himself an old destroyer man, began to instill an amazing morale into our destroyer service. Or was it already there? Anyhow the destroyer boys sing—

Talk about your battleships, cruisers, scouts and all;
Talk about your Fritzers who are aiming for a fall;
Talk about your coast guard, it's brave they have to be—
But Admiral Sims' flotilla is the terror of the sea.

SAVING THE TORPEDOED "MOUNT VERNON"

WHICH, as the Hun knows, is truth. I know. I have seen the destroyers in action. I was on the *Mount Vernon* when she was torpedoed. The sub's periscope, nickel-plated, no thicker than a broomstick, protruding ever so slightly above the water, saw us with its glassy eye. The Hun fired the torpedo and disappeared, a snake drawing in its fangs. In a flash two destroyers that had been circling on our flanks scanning the seas for periscopes in the faint morning light, an almost impossible thing to detect, glimpsed the nickel gleam of the periscope and tore at it. The stricken *Mount Vernon,* with the sea pouring into her from a huge hole midships, shook to the detonations of the bombs that the destroyers dropped. With the speed of express trains they passed and re-passed the spot where the periscope had been seen, the great brown bombs catapulting from their sterns and thundering down into the depths.

And then I saw them circle—the circles ever widening—the bombs, hurling them overboard as they thus maneuvered so that they were bound to cover the under areas to which the sub might have fled.

Keeled over on its side, everybody at the "Abandon Ship" stations, expecting to have to go over the side any minute, the *Mount Vernon* slowly made her way back to the French coast. About an hour had passed and we were limping along with the destroyers swooping around us—for they knew the danger was not over—it was the way of the Huns to hunt in pairs, and they might be lurking to strike the death-blow. And then a roar of gunfire! We saw the destroyers racing to a convergent point off our port bow, their bow guns yelping angrily as they went. "Submarine!" someone yelled. I never saw it. But I saw the depth bombs once more go hurtling from the destroyers' sterns while the ocean shook. And I saw the sea become glassy out there, as with spreading layers of oil. . . Our destroyers were on the job. They have been on the job from that May day when first they swirled—a destroyer in action always swirls—into European waters.

As you may imagine there was nothing haphazard about their work. When the Kaiser took a map of the Atlantic and drew upon it certain geometrical figures, which he called "war zones," the British Admiralty did some drawing of their own. First they reproduced the Kaiser's patterns on their maps; then they drew over them a series of squares each square being designated by a letter. Our destroyer men insisted that these letters spelled—"This is not the Kaiser's ocean." At any rate our destroyers were assigned to cover a certain number of squares, to patrol the sea's area therein, destroying submarines and rescuing gunned ships and survivors, to say nothing of convoying the troopships.

WHAT THE WATCHERS OF OUR SEA LANES EXPERIENCED

FOR seventeen months our boys were at that work. Do you know what they were up against? You have been at sea? You are comfortable when the ship is rolling? If

so, you are a good sailor. Which is not to say that you would make a destroyer sailor. For there are actually cases of trained naval officers, men who for years have been on battleship duty, yet who, when assigned to destroyers, are seasick the whole time. Conceive of being ten days away from port in a ship forever pitching like a cockleshell, when you must eat standing up, out of your hand, when you can eat. Think of men lifting the bed-springs from their bunks and dropping the mattresses to the floor, wedging themselves in so that they may hope to sleep and not be pitched out; of men standing for hours with the cold spray bathing their face, their eyes glued to binoculars, sweeping the seas for that speck of a periscope until, as one jackie expressed it, "It seemed as if my eyes were just bound to pop out of my head."

Think of being given orders to go out and pick up a troopship convoy somewhere on the Atlantic, to be at a given latitude and longitude at a given time. Sounds easy enough for a trained navigator. But think how—to meet the troopships—the destroyers must pass through waters swarming with U-boats; hunt them down; pick up survivors in boats or on rafts, and still meet the convoy perhaps in the dead of night when the great steamers' lights, as well as the destroyer's, were doused. It was a game of blindman's buff, but the destroyers played it and won.

PICKING UP OUR TROOPSHIPS

I SHALL never forget the night they met our convoy. We had had a submarine scare and the officers in command of the troopships were hoping for one thing—a sight of the destroyers that were racing out from Brest to meet us. We were zigzagging, veering twenty miles off our courses to the east and then to the west. Suppose, while on one of these zigzags, the destroyers missed us. But the wireless began chattering and they picked us up. At once they gave us Greenwich time. Every watch was set by it. The destroyers flashed to the ships' commanders the schedule of maneuver. At a given hour every troopship would change

its course, and so on regularly, until we reached Brest.

Now imagine twelve great steamers and a fleet of destroyers, all racing through the Atlantic in the dead of night with all lights out; at a certain time every ship suddenly putting over its helm and shooting off in another direction—this, of course, to make torpedoing difficult for the Hun. Fancy the chances for collision in such maneuvers, if one commander were to turn his ship too soon or too late. Picture a fragile destroyer being rammed by a big troopship, as it swooped across its bows. That's what the destroyers were up against. Most of their commanders whom I met in Brest told me that they would rather chase and fight submarines any day than draw a convoy job. The chances for losing the convoy, before picking it up in the night; of collisions when all lights were out—were tremendous! Yet not one mistake was made!

By day and night she makes her way
Through seas that crash across her bows.
Mast high she hurls the driving spray
Through mountain waves she plows.
About her as she dashes by
A thousand dangers lurk unseen,
Where mines lie hidden from the eye,
Where waits the submarine.

Alfred Noyes wrote that; he appreciates the little craft. Our destroyer boys hated the Huns. There was far more hatred in their rank and file and among the officers than there was among our troops at the front. The "doughboys" were genial killers; but the men of the destroyer service, they were bitter. And rightly so. As you shall see.

One day one of the destroyers out of Brest was rushing to meet a convoy when it saw an open boat with a figure in the stern. The form was bent over, apparently the lone survivor of a Hunnish sea murder. The officer on duty on the destroyer's bridge studied the little boat and the bent form with his glasses as the destroyer veered toward it. Swing-

ing the craft in broadside, he ordered "Full speed ahead!" And the destroyer's guns cut loose on the figure in the stern of the boat—an *effigy* that concealed a Hun periscope.

Yet the German submarine commanders wondered why they were hated! An open boat filled with victims of a torpedoing was prize bait for a Hun. For days he would circle around the suffering survivors in the hope that a destroyer would see them and come to pick them up. Then the Hun would let go with a torpedo at the destroyer. Jealously the sub's would keep the suffering men in the open boat in sight, until they were no longer useful as bait—until they were dead.

AN IRISH U-BOAT COMMANDER?

BUT there was one German submarine commander that the American destroyer fleet liked! I have heard our officers spin their tales of him in the days of shore leave in Brest with a twinkle in their eye. They called him Kelly and insisted that he could not be a German as he had a sense of humor. They said it was impossible for Kelly to be guilty of any of the savageries of the other submarine commanders. Our destroyer officers refused to believe it of him. All the destroyers wanted to capture Kelly's submarine, if only to see what kind of a man he really was. "I'll bet he's an Irish rebel," an officer said.

One day when our destroyers were sending war news to each other which they had picked up from the Eiffel Tower station, a message came in out of the void. It was:

> *"Your war news very interesting but two or three words were badly sent. Please repeat . . . . . Kelly."*

Nothing more came from him, until:

> *"Good-by. I can waste no more time on you . . . Kelly."*

Now in the North Sea there was a lightship that the Hun never torpedoed because he used it as a mark by which to see his course for the turn to make the passage around the north of Ireland and into the Atlantic. One day a German submarine came up alongside the lightship. The conning tower opened and a hooded head popped out.

" I'm Kelly," the German said. " Here are some newspapers for you. It must be lonesome out here. I had a good time the other night. I want you to have one," and he tossed the lightship keeper a bundle of English newspapers, a receipted bill for Kelly from an English hotel and two theatre seats for the theatre of the night before. " If you tell on me," grinned Kelly, " I'll come back and sink you! "

There is one other Kelly story. He was continually breaking in on the destroyers' wireless calls asking what the baseball scores were. One day the skipper of a Scotch fishing-smack told the story to an American destroyer commander. It seems that Kelly came up out of the water alongside of him and said that he was hungry for some good fresh fish, but that he had been away from home a long time and had lost all his money making bets with his junior officer on the number of mines they would see. But he wanted the fish and would pay the skipper some other time. Shades of looted Belgium! Of course, the skipper had to give Kelly the fish. A few weeks later Kelly once more came up alongside the same little fishing-smack. There was a package tossed on the deck, and then the submarine submerged. In the package the Scotch skipper found the money for his fish, and a note which read: " Kelly always pays his bills."

And these stories are accepted as true by our destroyer boys. Kelly was the only German submarine commander who was not loathed.

HOW INGRAM SAVED THE U. S. DESTROYER " CASSIN "

DON'T think that our destroyers escaped unscathed in their fight against the submarines. There was the *Jacob Jones,* you know, that " got it "; the *Cassin,* too, but she did

not go down—because the hearts of the destroyer boys are the hearts of lions. One day a periscope glimpsed the *Cassin* and drove a torpedo at it only four hundred yards away. The officer on duty saw it coming and went ahead full speed, his quick work changing the "hit" from a fatal blow midships to a hit in the stern. But there were high explosives enough on the stern deck to blow the *Cassin* to atoms, depth-bombs that would have been detonated by the shock of the striking torpedo, had not—but let Secretary Daniels testify:

"A while ago I was asked to give a name to a new destroyer. I took up first the names of the great admirals and then the great captains and all the American heroes of the sea; and all were worthy. And then I thought of Osmond C. Ingram, Second Class Gunner's Mate on the destroyer *Cassin*. I thought of the night when he was on watch and saw a U-boat's torpedo headed for his ship. He was standing near the place where the high explosives were stored and the torpedo was headed for that spot. In a flash he was engaged in hurling overboard those deadly explosives which would have destroyed the ship if they had remained on board. And he managed to get rid of enough of them to save the lives of all the officers and sailors on board—but he lost his own life. So I named the newest and finest addition to the American Navy the *Osmond C. Ingram*."

That boy's nerve enabled the *Cassin* to be towed into port where a new stern was built on her. And this reminds one of the destroyers *Zulu* and *Nubian* of the British Navy. The *Zulu's* bow struck a mine and vanished. The *Nubian's* stern struck a mine and likewise vanished. So the British took the stern of the *Zulu* and the bow of the *Nubian* and pieced them together in a new craft—the *Zubian*.

A HUN SUBMARINE CLEVERLY CAPTURED

NOW extraordinary things happened to the destroyer flotilla as they hunted the Hun; but the weirdest of all came in a British port where some of our ships were tied up. Go mentally "slumming" and imagine you are the com-

mander of a German submarine mine-layer. You have wormed your way into this harbor and are busy letting out your mines when you are startled by a tapping on the conning tower. It is uncanny. Something is striking the conning tower from without and you are on the harbor bottom. Moreover, it is an intelligent series of blows that is being delivered against your plates——

Gott! A message is being spelled out. A hammer is tapping "dots and dashes"; and you read in the International code:

"R.I.S.E — A.N.D — S.U.R.R.E.N.D.E.R — O.R — D.E.P.T.H — C.H.A.R.G.E — W.I.L.L — B.E — E.X.P.L.O.D.E.D — A.G.A.I.N.S.T — Y.O.U.R — H.U.L.L."

You know that you are discovered, but you are too bewildered to give the order to bring your submarine to the surface. How did they know you were there? Again the tapping on your conning tower; again the "dashes" and "dots" spell out a warning—"Depth charge has been wired and lowered."

And up boiled the Hun submarine and a thoroughly frightened commander surrendered to the destroyers. The man that did it was a diver at work salvaging a sunken ship in the harbor.

"I saw this feller," he said. "I used to know the International Morse code in the Navy so I tapped him the message with my hammer."

"Was there any depth-bomb as you told him?"

"H——, no! That was 'bull.' I figured if I could scare the bird to the surface that the destroyers could take care of him."

Which they did . . . And these are only a few of the tales of the doughboys of the sea.

OUR AFTER-WAR DANGERS

In Saving the World Have We Lost Our Republic?

By HON. CHARLES EVANS HUGHES

WE emerge from the war with a new national consciousness; with a consciousness of power stimulated by extraordinary effort; with a consciousness of the possibility and potency of co-operation and endeavor to an extent previously undreamed of.

Gains like these should be abiding, for they mark not only increase of knowledge and the sharpening of the tools of the mind, but an improvement in attitude and appreciation. The new vision is never lost. We are unworthy of our victory, if we look forward with timidity. This is the hour and power of light, not of darkness. We have not defeated an insensate ambition to become the victims of our own inability to govern ourselves. We have made the world safe for democracy, but democracy is not a phrase, or a form, but a life, and what shall that life be?

Some anxiously ask, " What has become of our form of government?" In saving the world, have we lost our Republic? The astounding spectacle of centralized control which we have witnessed has confused many and turned the heads of some. But this, for the most part, has been the manifestation of the Republic in arms, fighting as a unit, with powers essential to self-preservation, which the Constitution not only did not deny but itself conferred. So far as we have harnessed our strength for war, we were acting under the Constitution and not in violation of it. But wherever, in the desire to take advantage of the situation for the purpose of fastening some new policy upon the country, there has been resort to arbitrary power through acts unjustified by real or substantial relation to a state of actual war, such acts will re-

ceive the condemnation they deserve when they are brought to the determination of the proper tribunals.

AN ABUSE OF FEDERAL POWER

WITH the ending of the war we find ourselves with the familiar constitutional privileges and restrictions, and it behooves officers of Government to realize that to make a pretense of military exigency for ulterior purposes, when military necessity has ceased, is simply an abuse of power which will not be permitted to escape censure. It is undoubtedly true that whenever, during the War, extraordinary powers were fittingly exercised and Governmental control was assumed for war purposes, the readjustment to conditions of peace must of course be effected gradually and with the circumspection essential to the protection of all the public and private interests involved. But the immediate purpose should be to readjust as soon as may be, not to use war powers to control peace conditions, a proceeding essentially vicious and constituting the most serious offense against our institutions. What changes we shall desire to make in order to suit new conditions which follow the War we must make deliberately after discussion and with proper authorization. Peace policies must be prosecuted with the authority and distribution of powers and according to the methods which pertain to peace.

The question of government ownership and operation is a severely practical one. Of course, there are those whose interests lie simply in extending the activities of government so as to embrace all industry and who are endeavoring to proceed along what they conceive to be the line of the least resistance in trying to keep in government hands in time of peace what has been taken temporarily by reason of the exigencies of war. The instinct of the American people I believe can be trusted to thwart the insidious plans of these enemies of liberty, who if given their way would not stop short of a tyranny which, whatever name it might bear, would leave little room for preference as compared with Prussianism. Passing the ambitions—which are not to be

ignored—of these pseudo-democrats, the question of the government ownership and operation of railroads and other instrumentalities of communication is really one of efficiency and political control. So far as investment is concerned, it will exist in either case. Whether corporate bonds and stocks, or the fair value of the properties in government bonds with guaranteed returns, are held, makes little difference from the standpoint of investment. Perhaps the latter might be preferred by many. The important question is not that of investment. It goes deeper and touches the service to the public and the soundness of our political life.

Along with this is the grave question of putting the direct operation of these great activities unnecessarily under political control. That is the most serious question. The dovetailing of Government with business is apt to injure both. Such is the havoc wrought by political machines, demanding that position and profit go with political favor and as political reward. We shall have quite enough of this sort of thing in the necessary extension of governmental activities without courting additional difficulties.

INEFFICIENCY THE BLIGHT OF PUBLIC UNDERTAKINGS

IT is regrettable, but it is true, that governmental enterprise tends constantly to inefficiency. It would, from any point of view, be unsafe to take the experience of the last year as a guide. The splendid stimulus of the War Spirit put us at our best. The general disposition to serve and to be content made conditions exceptionally advantageous for governmental experiment. Again, the situation in the past year with respect to the movement of traffic has been abnormal. But, apart from these considerations, the experiment would not appear to afford a basis for expecting a net balance of benefits in government ownership and management. I do not mean to imply that the record of private enterprise is an agreeable one, but on a fair examination of conditions where governmental management has been maintained, I believe that from the standpoint of efficiency the comparison favors

private enterprises and that in this country we cannot afford to ignore the fact that inefficiency is the blight upon our public undertakings. It cannot fail to be observed that even in connection with the War, despite the endeavor and patriotic impulse of countless workers, inefficiency in important fields of activity has been notorious. The notion that the conduct of business by Government tends to be efficient is a superstition cherished by those who either know nothing of Government or know nothing of business. The tendency is strongly the other way.

There is just as much danger to our prosperity in undue decentralization as in over-centralization. Take our railroads as an example. If we are not to have government ownership, we must have a sensible plan of regulation. We must have a plan of regulation which will permit sound credit and growth, which will stabilize securities and offer inducements for investment, while insuring adequate service at reasonable rates. The democracy saved by a world war ought to be able to supervise great undertakings in a fashion which will really serve the common interest. Regulation which does not promote efficiency is self-condemned; and with respect to interstate carriers, State lines are not economic lines. Congress should provide, as it has power to provide—aside from war powers—a comprehensive plan of regulation with relation to districts corresponding to the broad divisions of actual operations, and the entire field of the activities of interstate carriers should be covered appropriately by recognition of the interdependence of through and local rates, and of the interblending of operations in the conduct of interstate and local business, so that in the exercise of the dominant power of Congress for the protection of interstate commerce, all conflicting regulations would be avoided and the basis of efficiency secured.

HOW TO SAVE OUR PROSPERITY

BUT in endeavoring to escape the evils which are likely to attend upon government ownership and management, it

is folly to go to the other extreme and to sacrifice the advantages and economy which co-operation in these activities may afford. Reasonable opportunity for concert under government supervision is necessary to afford the best service and prevent waste, and if we have learned this lesson from recent experiences it will be a great gain.

And again, if we are to look forward to the common prosperity and lay the foundation for the individual betterment of men, women and children which cannot be secured except by success in production and exchange, we must give a freer course to co-operation in industry. The War has compelled co-operation and the Government, under this compulsion, has fostered what is previously denounced as criminal. The conduct which had been condemned by the law as a public offense was found to be necessary for the salvation of the Republic. But the public need so dramatically disclosed by the War is not, in this respect, removed by the termination of the War. Co-operation is just as necessary to secure the full benefits of peace as it was to meet the exigencies of War. And without it we shall miss the great prosperity and advance in trade to which with our skill and energy we are entitled.

We have had the experience of many years in trying to impose rules of uncertain scope with respect to restraint of trade. Lawyers have been unable to tell their clients whether proposed conduct would elicit the praise due to a conspicuous business success with corresponding gain to the community, or would land them in jail. Of course we cannot go forth to win our proper place in the world's trade under such uncertainties and restrictions. And it is idle to talk of removing economic barriers abroad while maintaining them at home. In the first place, the mere size of a business does not warrant its condemnation. Mere size may carry the germs of dissolution, but if it means soundness of organization and economic strength we need it, provided there is proper supervision to prevent abuses. Wrong-doing, and not a mere conception of power, should be the basis of governmental restraint and prohibition. All power that can be used can

be mischievous. If we aim at actual wrongs we shall be more successful than if we attack bogies. Define and punish wrong, but free commerce from being hampered by fear of constructive evils.

Is it not entirely possible to maintain governmental supervision which will give reasonable opportunity for doing reasonable things instead of seeking to maintain rules of conduct which shackle American enterprise? Neither labor nor the general public gains anything from denying free scope to honest business, and to secure this legitimate freedom it should be the function of Government to provide intelligent supervision which will aim at the detection and punishment of abuses and not at the crippling of opportunities rightly used. The Webb bill is but a slight advance. It needs the background of large undertakings and wide experience.

HAVE WE THE HUN SPIRIT?

BUT whatever freedom it may have, American industry will not thrive unless it is instinct with the spirit of justice. We have fought this War to substitute reason for force. We love our Republic because it represents to us the promise of the rule of reason. There is no assurance of stability in industry if it is dominated by the selfish profiteer, or by men who regard human beings as mere economic units, or by men, whether employers or employees, who live with the ambition to be little Kaisers ruling by their little divine right, whether of wealth or of "pull" or of any position of power. If we are to establish peace within our own borders, we must co-operate to destroy the Hunnish spirit of tyranny wherever we find it.

There are no difficulties in the field of industry which cannot be solved if we insist on methods of justice. The whole international aim is to enthrone justice. How shall we hope to attain this end among the nations if we cannot establish justice in our own community?

THE THEATRE IN REVIEW

By C. COURTENAY SAVAGE

IN the days that followed the cessation of fighting the theatrical producers sat back in their managerial chairs and wondered what the future held for the drama. The majority had " war plays " ready for the audiences who, up to the signing of the armistice, were anxious to see various phases of the conflict enacted for their benefit. A few managers announced that they believed that the war play would still draw—but even those that so believed seemed loath to go ahead with rehearsals. The result was a month without a first night—and then a rush of premier performances—some of them very good—some of them very bad.

One of the good plays, perhaps the most interesting of them all, was " Dear Brutus," from the pen of Sir James Matthew Barrie. This play, by the way, was not rushed in to fill any gap left by a failing war drama, but had been in careful preparation for a considerable period of time. That is one of the reasons it is so perfectly presented.

As might be expected of a Barrie play, " Dear Brutus " is mostly fantasy. The program announced that the author has taken his theme from the Shakespearian line, " The fault, dear Brutus, is not in our stars, but in ourselves, that we are underlings." In other words, there is a second chance for everyone. In this instance the " second chance " comes to a group of discontented, ill-mated people, who are guests at the country house of *Lob,* a fanciful person, who tells his unhappy guests that it is a midsummer week, and that in the enchanted wood just beyond the house they may find happiness. Some go boldly, others with a fear that most of us hold for the supernatural. The second act shows the effects of the enchanted wood. The philanderer is married to the girl with whom he is carrying on a vigorous

flirtation, only to find that he is really in love with the woman who is his wife in the world of actualities. The titled lady is married to the thieving butler, who is still dishonest, though a great financier. It is to the artist that there comes the greatest change. In the enchanted forest he finds the daughter he has always craved, while his unhappy wife, who has often bemoaned the fact that she might have married an Honorable instead of an artist, is poor—a beggar. The dream daughter is the regeneration of the artist, also his wife. In the last act, when the guests go back to the real, they, only, have the courage to profit by what they have seen in the forest, and they go out of the picture, arm in arm, ready to find the "second chance" which must come to them.

One can ask for nothing better than the acting of the play. William Gillette is the artist, and his second act scene with his dream daughter, reaches the very heights of fantasy. Helen Holmes, a very young player, who earlier in the season was the love-sick older sister of *Penrod,* plays the dream child, sharing with Mr. Gillette the honors of the play. The rest of the cast is made up of players of note, who in the Barrie background, find a real vehicle for their abilities. "Dear Brutus" is another gem for the Barrie collection of fantasies—a treat for the theatregoers.

Comedy and Drama

"EAST IS WEST" gives Fay Bainter another chance to show her characterization of the Oriental. Programmed as a comedy, this play frequently develops into frank melodrama, for the very situation, that of a Chinese girl in surroundings that are thoroughly American, must have dramatic quality. The prologue, which is one of the handsomest stage pictures of the season, occurs on a "love boat" where *Ming Toy* is sold to *Lo Sang Kee,* a prosperous merchant, at the request of the son of the American Ambassador, who is in love with the girl. The play shifts to San Francisco, where *Lo Sang Kee* has taken the girl, to

save her from a life of slavery. *Ming,* quickly mimicking some American girls in an adjacent dance-hall, sits at her window and flirts with passersby, and trouble from a local mission ensues. This act introduces the most interesting character of the play, a Chinatown "boss," leader of his Tong, and wealthy through his chain of Chop Suey restaurants. He has seen the latest flower from China, and wants her. The Ambassador's son, who, in the meantime, returns, thinks differently, and she is spirited away to his home by the local Mission worker, where she is to act as maid for his sister, with whom the Mission worker is in love. From this point on the story is melodrama. It is full of odd contrasts, a visit of the Tongs, and, of course, has a happy ending.

The acting, interpretive of Chinese life, is excellent. George Nash, as the Chinatown "boss," is a superior piece of characterization, while Miss Bainter gives the best reflection of a Chinese sing-song girl yet shown on the stage in dramatic form. Her work is faithful, dainty and at all times fascinating and true to type—a revelation in the characterization of the Oriental on the American stage.

Rachel Crothers, who is one of the most thorough craftsmen of the theatre, has called her new play "The Little Journey." It is slight as to action, with a sketchy plot, but the character studies are excellent, and typical of the types that Miss Crothers has given to the stage.

For novelty, the action of the play takes place on a journey, the first two acts being aboard a trans-continental Pullman sleeper. The girl, *Julie,* is going West after the inevitable financial crash, because she cannot marry a man with six thousand a year. She prefers to make her home with her brother in the West, and has little relish in the life that is before her. When the conductor appears she cannot find her tickets. She is about to be put off the train, when *Jim West,* a rancher of the most American variety, pays her fare, and, of course, they become lovers. The love story that follows is slight, culminating when a railroad accident smashes the train, and the passengers find themselves on a

hillside at dawn, an ideal place for the beginning of happiness, and ending a play. The play will find its popularity from such characters as *Mrs. Welsh,* a loud person, who tries to impress the car that she is "New York." Still another type is the pretty girl with a deaf grandmother.

The acting is good, with Miss Jobyna Howland, as *Mrs. Welsh,* carrying the comedy, and giving an excellent performance. Estelle Winwood plays the girl, and Cyril Keightly *Jim West.*

Chauncey Olcott in a new play from the pen of George M. Cohan is a winning combination. The new piece is called "The Voice of McConnell" and tells the story of one *McConnell,* a tenor, who is found singing in a small Irish church, sent to Italy to study, and the night before the opening of the play has captured the metropolis of the United States with his singing. Among the many notes of congratulation, he finds a song, written, so the anonymous sender tells him, under the spell of his singing of the night before. A few minutes later, when the leading lady and her mother call to ask him to sing at their home "at his own price," he becomes suspicious, and discovers that the list of song numbers the young lady has written at his request, is in the same handwriting as his anonymous song. From that time on the love story goes hurrying on its way, halted just sufficiently by the mysterious theft of a ring, and Mr. Olcott's songs, which are introduced into the text.

The play is well written, reflecting Mr. Cohan's usual snap. The large cast supporting Mr. Olcott is competent, and "The Voice of McConnell" is destined to be a success. Previous to his brief appearance last Spring, Mr. Olcott has not appeared in New York for many years. His reception seemed to show that he has been missed.

Hypnosis is the theme Mark Swan, author of last year's "Parlor, Bedroom and Bath," has used to amuse in his new farce "Keep it to Yourself." It is seemingly a "naughty" play, adapted from the French. However, the action is so funny, that the "broad" lines and situation are not to be taken seriously. The start of the play finds a hypnotic sub-

ject, suffering from insomnia, occupying the bridal suite of an Ostend hotel. While he has a treatment for his sleeplessness a bride and groom arrive, and his effects are transferred to another suite. Under the spell of the "doctor" he becomes sleepy at ten o'clock, and starts to bed, not knowing of the change of rooms. The complications that follow can be imagined. Everyone in the cast becomes involved in compromising situations, until the end brings about the usual explanations and happy climax. Edwin Nicander, a finished farceur, plays the victim of hypnotism, to the enjoyment of the audience, and finds excellent foils in the other members of the company. "Keep it to Yourself" is clever farce, and while not quite the thing for a party of youngsters should not be offensive for their elders, for it is hilariously amusing throughout.

If "The Gentile Wife" was all as good as Emily Stevens' acting, it would be a great success. As it is, the play gives Americanism a terrific jolt, showing that interracial marriage cannot always be accompanied with good results. The play tells of *Naida,* a Christian, married to a Jew, and living unhappily with his family. She has a lover, of course, and there is a scene in the garden which leads up to the emotional climax of the drama. This "big scene" is played by Miss Stevens in true, melodramatic style. Her "sob scenes" are classics in their way, and while this play is hardly likely to have any lasting success, it demonstrates Miss Stevens' ability. Much as can be said for Miss Stevens, she is forced to share the acting honors, however, with Vera Gordon, who plays the mother of the young Jew married out of caste. Miss Gordon's portrayal is quite the best work of its kind seen on the stage this season. One bad note in the production is the unfortunate realism which frequently turns the backs of the players to the audience, and consequently, their voices. This is one of the marring faults of the play, and many good lines are lost. Strikingly staged, and well cast, "The Gentile Wife" gives Miss Stevens a real opportunity and she never fails to charm in a not always sympathetic part.

A Singing Trio

THE Christmas crop of musical comedies numbered three. Two of them are of the variety that the press agent can truthfully call " huge successes," while the third is very fair, and will probably enjoy a certain amount of prosperity. " Somebody's Sweetheart " is one of the productions to be classed as a " hit." Arthur Hammerstein, the producer, has profited by the example of his famous father, and learned two things—one the value of players of the vaudeville type, players who are used to registering their personality on an audience immediately, the other that good voices and brilliant costuming carry a play far towards success. " Somebody's Sweetheart " has just enough story to hold the plot until the final curtain, and to allow the comedian to be funny without stepping out of character. The setting is Spanish, but with few exceptions the characters are thoroughly American, being the family and friends of the American consul. It is the featured players that carry the comedy to its success. A young man named William Kent is the sole laughmaker, and is genuinely funny at all times. He is assisted by a diminutive player named Louise Allen who is " cute," sings fairly, and does acrobatic dancing of the best variety. Another pair of lovers, the musical pair who carry the sentiment, are Eva Fallon, and a tenor named Walter Scanlon. Scanlon does not score until he is given the opportunity to sing, and then he scores heavily. The fifth member of the cast, and, with Mr. Kent, largely responsible for the success of the play, is Nonette, from the land of the two-a-day. She sings well, plays the violin even better, and earns her numerous recalls. " Somebody's Sweetheart " will be everybody's enjoyable evening.

" Listen Lester " is John Cort's third musical offering for the season. It is very slight as to story, being almost in the nature of a revue. Also it is lacking in good singing voices. However, there are numerous people in the cast who can be very funny, and all of them dance to perfection. The most laughable scene is one in which the three comedians sit

down to dinner on a Palm Beach hotel veranda, and, at the start of each course, have to stand for one of the Allied national anthems. While they stand, the waiter changes the course, and the dinner is concluded without a mouthful of food being eaten. The principal players include the very comic Johnny Dooley, with the corpulent Eddie Garvie as his first assistant. Ada Lewis is the female portion of the comedy trio. For the dancing, and singing part of the production, Gertrude Vanderbilt, Ada May Weeks, and Clifton Webb all contribute the type of work that has made them favorites. Several of the songs are catchy, and the title is arrived at from the fact that all the characters are constantly in need of *Lester*, the porter, who is never summoned without the prefix " Listen." Hansford Wilson has the part, and indulges in acrobatic dancing.

The third musical play is " The Melting of Molly." Readers of the popular novels will remember the book, which was published several years ago. At that time several producers thought that there was a play in the story, and one of them was successful in obtaining the rights. The play was written, produced, and failed. A second, third, and fourth revision of the play was made, and each met with failure. From a straight comedy, the play arrived at its present state of musical being, which is a highly satisfactory and delightfully entertaining farce-musical-comedy that does not resort to vulgarity to " get over " its fun. Isabelle Lowe, who has been a Winter Garden favorite, displays the abilities of an exceptional comedienne, in a winsome and charming personality. The play is a refreshing diversion.

The Editor's Un-Easy Chair

(Contributions to this department must be addressed to the Editor and should not exceed 1,000 words. Manuscripts should contain addressed envelope stamped.)

IF some pungent wit, with the wisdom of Solomon and the humor of Mr. Dooley, does not project a ray of risibility into the over-wrought mentality of the world, we shall all have hysteria.

What the every-day-go-about-his-business Mr. Average Citizen of Every Nation wants is a chance to settle down to the wheel of regularity, to be restored to the privilege of living in a self-determining fashion and earn enough money to pay his fifty-seven varieties of taxes.

He is not asking or hoping for the millennium, for more territory, for more oceans, or even for permanent peace—to be accomplished on paper.

The war of force is ended and the battle of words is on. Mr. Wilson is setting the stage for a drama that is potent with all the clash that conflicting national aspirations can draft into action. The long restricted little countries of Middle Europe are rising up, Phoenix-like, seeking restoration and recognition—even though they must come to America for the wherewithal and their leaders. The great nations are revealing their lines of cleavage, while we, the "last straw" that swung the pendulum of Victory across their frontiers, are seeking to superimpose over them all ideals and principles of democracy that even we are yet uncertain as to whither they will lead us. Our own society of peoples, less homogeneous than theirs, are in the throes of a mighty struggle—a struggle based upon new conceptions of equal rights and distributions of power and materials.

And into all this seething domestic and world struggle, statesmen are hurling phrases and demands that threaten to break the bond that made the world glad by defeating the enemy of us all, the invading and self-seeking Hun.

The peace of the world and the peace between labor and the Constructive organization that give it open equal oppor-

tunity, are both essential to the peace that brings back to the world the joy of living. What the peoples of the war-engaged countries want is the happiness of peace—the opportunities of attaining happiness under the government of peace—and the self-seeking politicians, potentates, premiers and labor leaders, who strike one discord in the quick attainment of a peace arrangement, deserve all that will fall on their heads.

If labor leaders inject problems inauspiciously into peace conferences; if statesmen press their issues and split hairs over definitions; if idealists cling to dreams that the nature and characteristics of men have been altered by war; if politicians throw monkey-wrenches into the machinery at Washington and Versailles—the penalty will fall with hammer blows upon them and us all, for the mass and the mob, inarticulate though they be, find ready spokesmen in blatant and sophistical leaders who are quick and eager to capitalize their fury, their weaknesses, their envy, their ignorance. When the Great gods go—the small gods come, and Bolshevism is at our door; the High Cost of Living is his weapon; " Profiteering " and " Capital " are the bait that turns the masses into mobs. Delay, in coming to a practical and business-like peace, is dangerous.

The " Private " Fortune of the Ex-Kaiser

WILLIAM HOHENZOLLERN'S house at Coblenz will soon be for rent or sale. The " house " is a famous old castle—the erstwhile Mecca of thousands of American pilgrims, wont to pass that way in their tours along the Rhine, from Cologne to Frankfurt. At present it is occupied by Americans, the doughboys, who must find its great halls and spacious rooms comfortable after the cramped quarters of trench dug-outs. Coblenz Castle is only one of the many assets that the Kaiser was forced to leave behind upon the occasion of his hurried trip to Holland. Our correspondent in France sends us some interesting data on the subject, probably gleaned from the records of the thrifty French in their search for Hun property, from which to draw slight compensation when the indemnity question comes up. Writes our informant:

The ex-Kaiser's private cash box contains 20,000,000 marks, mostly deposited, and drawing 4½ per cent interest in various banks.

The authority quoted states further that there are ninety separate estates involved—forests, farms, parks, country houses, shooting boxes and what not. But seven of these are of the Crown Domain, all the rest being the Kaiser's own private property. Among the latter are the Bellevue Palace in Berlin and the Monbijou Palace, which curiously within its grounds enfolds the English church of the capital. He owns thirteen palatial structures at Potsdam alone, also the Wilhelmshöhe Palace at Cassel, where the late King Edward of England paid his last visit to him and where Napoleon III was kept under restraint after the fall of Sedan.

Besides other estates at Coblenz, Wiesbaden, Charlottenburg and Freienwalde and in other parts he owns also a big farming property at Cadinen, of which he ever took a pride in recounting his farming experiments and successes to the agricultural authorities of the Empire when the bucolic richesse of the Empire was up for discussion. He has also a celebrated shooting-box in the forest at Rominten near the eastern frontier of Prussia. He owns also a dwelling property at Trouville, and the famous and somewhat elegant Villa Achilleion at Corfu belongs to him if indeed it has not been confiscated by the present government of Greece.

Of his cash assets a million and a quarter dollars at least came from the succession of William I, which was known to have been a part of the indemnity wrung from France as one of the clauses of the Treaty of Frankfort as a result of the war of '71. This certainly he can be made to disgorge, with interest, so perhaps it is hardly meet that it should be included among his definite assets. The German people or the German monarchy; it is all the same; the indemnity of war in this case will be paid by whoever is in power across the Rhine, let them make a counter collection where they will and when they can.

With a genuine business astuteness the Kaiser sold the Government the land where stands the Royal Library at

Berlin for the sum of an equivalent of two and a half million dollars. This he claimed to have spent on rebuilding the royal stables, of which we have a side light recently in the statement that the noblesse there made their last stand in resisting the Revolutionists upon the news of the abdication. This little balance sheet will undoubtedly have some healthy discussion when the final settlements are made and the slate wiped off. It may be, too, that this is only an inkling of the real state of affairs, which perhaps will swell to even more fantastic proportions.

And yet William Hohenzollern was not satisfied!

A Woman Protests Against Poisonous Speech

THE following springs from uneasy hours spent at various sorts of more or less subtly anti-American gatherings. The sentence quoted is the exact words of a speaker:

> There is one dark corner of social injustice that even in this day of national and international house cleaning has been overlooked. We know full well that railroads and cables run naturally to the government; we have heard that wages must not go down, however many capitalists go up, and that no one can live comfortably without a commodious navy. In short we are well informed on many matters. Yet one has been neglected. We do not know why it is that only the anti-Americans who are frank or stupid are deprived of freedom of speech.
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> This may sound ironic and over-cautious, neither of which at heart I am; and yet I wonder how it is that when we are so concerned about any number of things, we can be so indifferent to one which is just as important. Pro-Germans and anarchists are not allowed to speak publicly in this country if they are clumsy and obvious and on the whole harmless. It is only when they are subtile and venomous that we permit them. If they can spread Bolshevism under the title of *Russia, a Problem,* or can plead for political revolution while they talk of social evolution, we give them leave to tour the country. Now and then we go still further and advertise them gratis. We have the art of handling an indictment so that it will neither relieve our suspicion nor inconvenience them. To be on bail assures their success—for they are never forbidden to *speak!*
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> With women we are chivalrously indulgent, especially if they are charming. We like the poised piquancy of their manner, and their cultured articulation of the chaotic and vague. Crumbling governments they set forth deftly—seven in one

week—while a well-bred mob drinks tea and talks it over. The Russian peasant they make so wise and kind and omnipotent that we are reminded of the Second Coming. When some one in the audience rises and asks, "Isn't this bolshevism of Lenine the millennium we've been looking for here in America?" we are not suprised at the round on round of applause that follows. Revolutions are easy to undertake and accomplish. Bloodshed, starvation, misery are fabrications of the press. No report from Russia is authentic unless franked by enthusiasm for the Soviet cause. As they listen, two boys in their teens lean forward in their seats, their jaws already squared for bolshevic propaganda, and a little woman from New England nods in hypnotized acquiescence, forgetting her forefathers' independence of thought. The audience has taken the cause for its own; opposition can only make them martyrs. To censor their speech is as dangerous and futile as to cork a bottle the contents of which is still being charged.

I have a notion it is high time we did some talking ourselves. Although we also have a hearty, if as yet unfocussed, desire for post-war improvements, we have an abiding faith in our American institutions, which have given this country so fair a start. Why, then, in all decency, do we not say so? and loudly! in a nation-wide American propaganda! After all it is the business of us who uphold our democracy to control the changes which must from time to time be made. We should not, through indecision and lack of concord, allow those who neither appreciate it nor understand it to steal the job from us. Nor should we absent-mindedly give it to enemies who have fed so long on the vision of Germany rising phoenix-like from the ashes of the world that they cannot cease to prepare the ashes against the day of her resurrection.

Movie "Dope" Versus Drink "Dope"

ONE evening recently, quite recently, I went to the movies. When I arrived at the picture palace, I found a line-up of several hundred people waiting in turn to deposit each 60 cents, net, no war tax, for a seat to witness one of the legitimate Stage's most talented and beautiful stars make her debut on the film. A half-hour's wait brought me to the metal cage where my 60 cents slipped with mechanical efficiency into an automatic receptacle from which protruded through a slit, my ticket. Another ten or fifteen minutes' wait found me within the compact of a crowd in the lobby, jammed like a rush-hour subway train. Through the glass walls of the ticket cage I watched three well-groomed young

ladies, engaged in the fascinating pursuit of counting money and packing it into $100 bundles. I estimated the receipts (as the bills grew in piles, for this was the end of the day—a 9:30 performance), and I calculated up to $2,000. Just what this money paid for, I do not know, but at least two performances, perhaps three.

In twenty minutes more, I was jammed through a door into an entrance hall, and then surged onward into the main lobby. There I stood in the closest compact conceivable with a mass of humans—a great audience already occupying the seats. Imagine a fire, or panic of any kind—but that is not the thought. That two women screamed as the jam finally rushed for vacated seats, is also not the thought.

Let us proceed. A perfectly inane "comedy" film was being shown in which two or three extremely pretty young girls were jostled in all sorts of impossible ways by some rough gamblers—and it was all supposed to be funny—though few laughed. It was a silent audience and a mute "drama," and yet the crowd stuck. They must have been diverted or else they sat in reflection of the 60 cents' investment. Followed then some "war" pictures. After which the "great" film was released. A series of pictures of a beautiful woman, but the "play"—a libel upon respectability, an exaggeration of "virtue," a mawkish portrayal of the impossible, a wrong conception of character, a rank appeal to the sensuous—an obvious arraignment of the curse of drink—and this brings us to the point.

Have the movies put over Prohibition? If so, when will we put through the XIX Amendment—abolition of the movies. Now, not that all movies are distortions, and not that everyone who takes a drink is a drunkard; but false movies, fake movies, anarchy-breeding movies, lurid movies, mawkish movies—*what are they going to do to us?*

What will be their effort upon a vast public?—10,000,000 a day the movie man tells us. Aside from the utterly false pictures of life, misrepresentation of class, of "the bad rich man," the intolerant good woman, the rakish son of wealth, the always sweet young thing among the proverbial gang of

"thieves," and various other perversions of character that they "play up," there is the real menace—the movie habit!

Will the movie habit really take the place of strong drink? Will the movie man rise to the great occasion and "dope" up the film to the utter destruction of the will to think and see straight? Or will and can the movie be expurgated of its falsity, of its perversion of class character, of its lurid pictures of sensualism, in the guise of virtue in distress, of its Bolshevistic appeal to class hatred?

Will the Government take over the movies—or will the movies determine the Government?